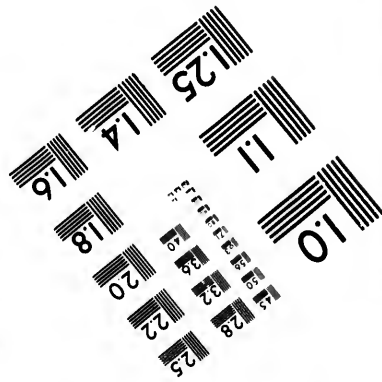
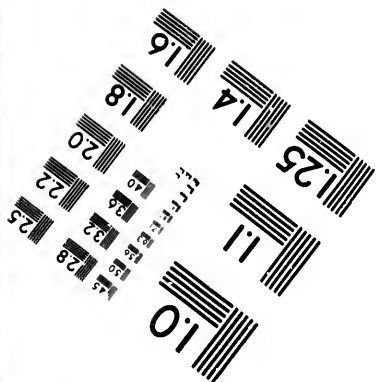
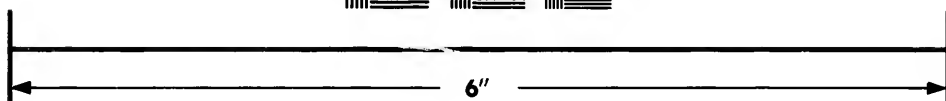
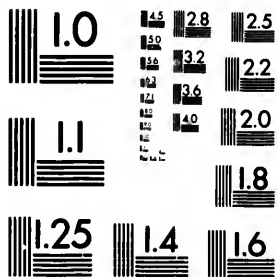


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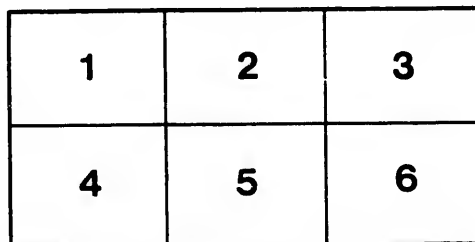
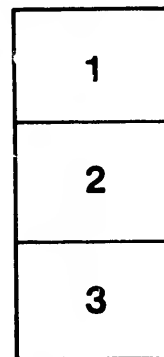
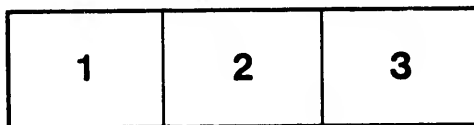
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Poésie etc. N° 1

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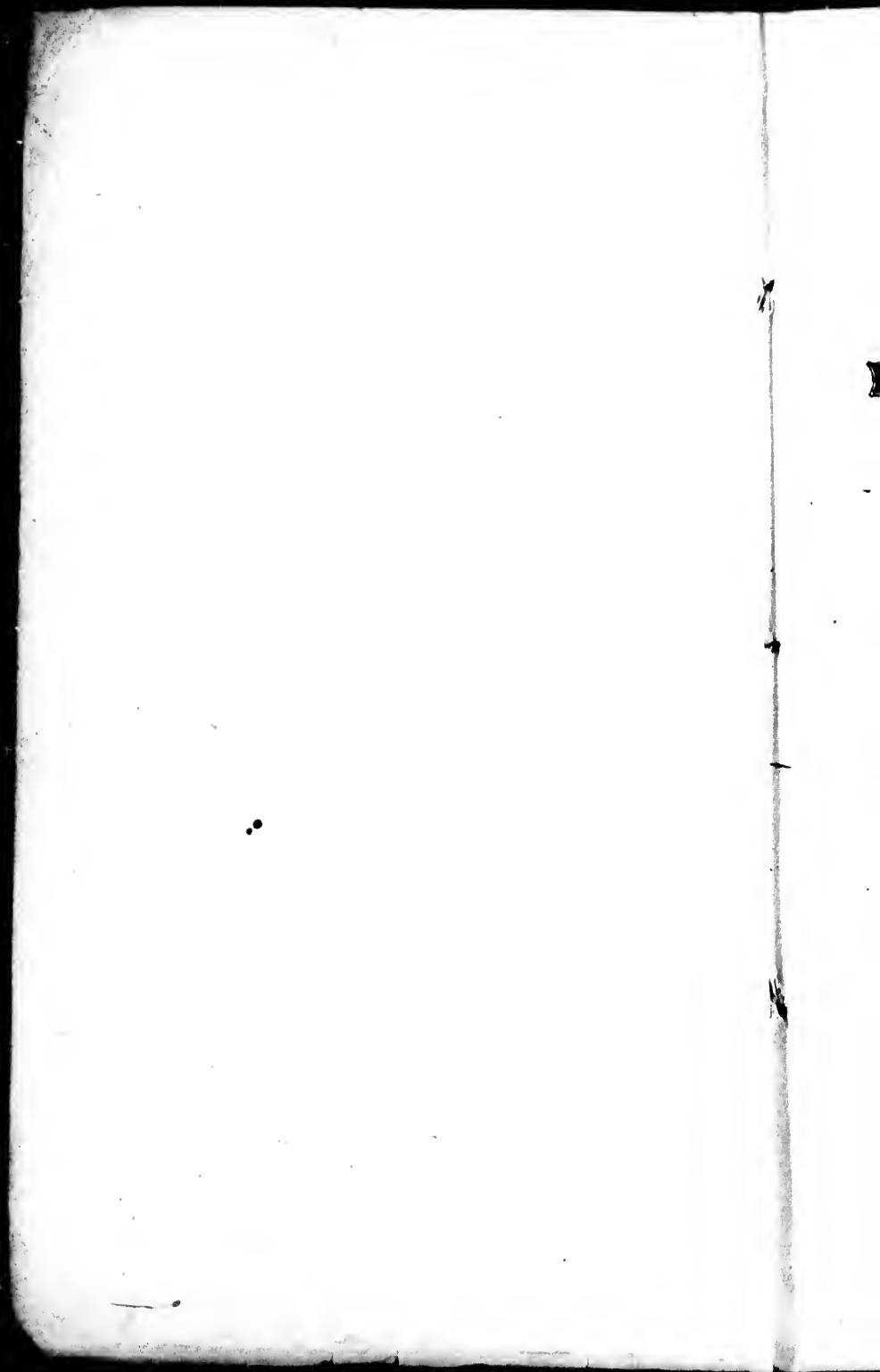
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1846.



EBLANA,

OR

DUBLIN DOINGS,

A POEM,

In Twelve Cantos.

---

BY E. G. C.

---

QUEBEC :

PRINTED BY WILLIAM STANLEY,  
22. ST. JOHN-STREET.

1846.

**GENT**

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## TO THE CRITICS.

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GENTLEMEN,

You will confer a great favour on me, should you have the goodness to point out a few of the one thousand and one faults that I doubt not exist in this Poem. It was written in great haste, and under the influence of trials which might be unnecessary to enumerate here, as in all probability they would interest neither you nor the public at large. Waving all considerations of doubt and fear, I introduce to your kind consideration this progeny of the brain, not only in beggarly apparel but with all the claims of poverty on opulence. Should you give me a hand in dressing it with a more respectable garb—you will do me an unspeakable pleasure, and I hope your charity will not go unrewarded.

I have the honour, &c.,

E. G. C.

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# EBLANA.

## CANTO I.

OF Dublin's origin I'm mute ;  
Nor can I speak refined, acute,  
Of her founder, name and her rise,  
And mansions crowned with the skies :  
And tho' her churches I respect,  
This time I pass them with neglect ;  
Her public buildings too I slight—  
Not of stones, but of men I write.  
And Erin too, a subject fit  
For Poet, Statesman, or for Wit ;                   10  
For Lawyer, Priest, or Minister,  
For Painter or Philosopher ;  
For Historian, or Geologist,  
Or any thing on earth you list,  
Must be forgotten in my song,  
As tho' to her I don't belong.  
Go search in antiquarian lore,  
What Ireland was in days of yore---  
Written in blood her name you'll find  
In the old annals of mankind.                   20  
Then when you search you will agree  
No Isle in ocean or in sea,  
No land so long beneath the frown,  
Can point more stars of bright renown.

Her beauty too should be my theme---  
 Of such rare beauty Poets dream.  
 'Tis by imagination's power  
 They see its shade in magic\* bower,  
 A fickle and a fading thing, 30  
 Of life but the mere shadowing.  
 But let them go to Erin's bower  
 And view the matchless beauty o'er ;  
 Then do her justice if they can,  
 What never has been done by man.  
 I care not what may be the fire  
 Of inspiration on the lyre ;  
 I care not tho' there was combined  
 A Homer and a Virgil mind,  
 With every language, by which man  
 Gave vent to thought since earth began : 40  
 I care not what master hand  
 Draws the sketchless beauty of the land :  
 Tho' study did to him impart  
 All of the known pictorial art,  
 He could not paint the beauty still,  
 Her dress is so variable.  
 Fully indeed he might express  
 Her isolated loneliness ;  
 But her soul fascinating hue,  
 No Poet, Artist, ever drew ; 50  
 Her chequered beauties must be shewn  
 In other tints as yet unknown.  
 But only Time, the island paints,  
 And cries " This was the Isle of Saints :"  
 And leaves to Angels to express  
 Her Edenical loveliness,

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When she arose from out the sea :

Who placed her near Britannia's side,

By neighbourhood to be allied.

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Yes, Ireland, thee I fain would praise

And crown thy noble brow with bays :

In fadeless bloom they would be seen

Like to thine everlasting green---

But tho' warm to thee is the heart,

The thoughts, the tongue cannot import.

Other sons more luckily born,

Thee may honour, and thee adorn ;

Thee in sweet song may celebrate,

And thy lorn heart perhaps elate---

70

a : 40

But let those sons of thine beware

How they inwreath thy flowing hair ;

Oh let them not too much presume

ad :

To add to or take from thy bloom.

In Dublin city, Ireland's pride,

Many a year I there did bide ;

Many a bright day I spent there,

Placed above want and free from care.

Of dazzling joys I had my fill :

Of Society, the best at will.

80

50

I had what might the eye delight,

And satiate the appetite.

Blest too with friends had been my lot,

Friends that by me can't be forgot.

All have been snatched from me away,

s :"

And have mouldered down into clay.

In Canada, tho' far from thee,

Still, Dublin, thou art dear to me :

The farther yet from thee I roam,  
 The stronger still I love my home. 90  
 The chain I draw with me along,  
 Is firmly sound as it is strong :  
 Tho' lengthened thrice as much by fate  
 Able I am to drag the weight.  
 Yet Dublin, tho' I love thee well,  
 Thy many vices I must tell ;  
 Thy many virtues I will praise,  
 All witnessed in my younger days.  
 'Tis not ambition that me fires,  
 But Hope alone, my song inspires : 100  
 'Tis poverty that bids me write,  
 Pestered by it both day and night :  
 'Tis poverty, the poet's friend and guide,  
 And foe to all else in the world beside.  
 Ambition, oh how great thy power  
 O'er the frail creatures of an hour !  
 Thou dost sway man in every state,  
 Canst make him love and make him hate ;  
 Canst do good when it is thy will !  
 And swift inflict the blackest ill. 110  
 I see thee marked with blood on high :  
 Restless is thy unsated eye,  
 That never closed yet in sleep  
 But when some thousands die or weep.  
 I mark thy big and heaving breast  
 That from creation took no rest,  
 But when thy victim man hath lain  
 Beneath thy feet and by thee slain.  
 Thy sway, thy power I now resign :  
 Body and soul dear Hope I'm thine. 120

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Thou lonely and delusive thing !  
 Life to the heart and oft the sting ;  
 Why dost thou smile on every youth  
 And seldom paint to him the truth ?  
 Why dost thou in fictitious charms  
 Ever woo him with hugging arms ;  
 With transient and deceptive brace,  
 And leave dark despair in thy place ?  
 For many years I know thee well ;                   130  
 And yet I can't oppose thy spell ;  
 Tho' experience oft to me has shewn,  
 Thou art the greatest jilt that's known ;  
 Yet devoutly still thee I woo,  
 False as thou art my soul is true :  
 Without thy presence I must die,  
 And with thee I in anguish lie.  
 My heart is broke, of thee deprived,  
 And by thee oft that heart was rived :  
 And yet nor in thy seraph smile  
 Nor on thy brow can I see guile :                   140  
 And on thy radiant face so fair  
 Surely cruelty can't be there :  
 While in thy blue and angel eye  
 Hypocrisy I cannot spy.  
 For better or worse thee I take ;  
 Perish my all if thou forsake.  
 Then oh, sweet Hope, my song inspire,  
 And tune and strike for me the lyre.  
 Now Mem'ry come, present to me  
 Past scenes of life most faithfully :                   150  
 The pictures truly thou must paint,  
 With not one falsely heightened teint.

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What I have known, what I have seen,  
 What some are now, and once have been---  
 All in true colours must appear :  
 Depicted falsehood can't be here.  
 Should any sketch betray a flaw---  
 Yet onward still, fear not to draw.  
 For limbs or heads or for each face  
 You want no solemn cartoon grace :           160  
 'Tis Irish heads you draw my dear  
 And on them will vile cracks appear.  
 I see portrayed on Mem'ry's sheet,  
 Haunt of the gay, wide Sackville street ,  
 In bright perspective it is seen,  
 With Carlisle bridge, and Liffey's stream :  
 While Nelson's monument is shewn,  
 The meetest in the world that's known.  
 To Albion's fleet he is the star  
 That blazes over Trafalgar :           170  
 I now a stately figure view,  
 A gentleman, and handsome too ;  
 He stands erect, a militaire,  
 Dark and well adjusted is his hair ;  
 His eyes are black as blackest sloes,  
 And proudly Roman is his nose.  
 His forehead is expansive, white ;  
 His mein is debonair and light.  
 It seems that nature gave to him  
 Most faultless symmetry of limb.           180  
 He wears a diamond costly ring,  
 That's devoid of all lettering :  
 On it is graved an arrow keen,  
 Typical of the one that's seen

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Or rather read of, tipt with gold ;  
 Ovid has of it sung of old.  
 Perhaps 'tis emblematic too  
 What Alton to the sex may do.  
 Upon his golden headed cane  
 A lover would his suit obtain. 190  
 Apollo in the amorous chase  
 Seems, the fair Daphne, to embrace.  
 What pain the timid maiden feels,  
 As treads the rascal on her heels !  
 How she invokes ! how he does pant !  
 Not one entreaty will she grant,  
 No more than will a hare in flight,  
 To her pursuer grant a bite,  
 Or oblige his tooth with her tail,  
 If by her legs she can prevail. 200  
 The toil of the god at last is crowned,  
 For Daphne, a bay his arms surround.  
 Surely this classical device,  
 So sweetly sung and wrought so nice,  
 Unto the bold seducer ought  
 To have given some serious thought.  
 In the left pocket of his vest  
 A golden watch and eye glass rest,  
 Secured they are by chains of gold,  
 Composed of links of mazy fold : 210  
 Like the workmanship of the net,  
 Fabricated and slily set,  
 By the suspicious god and shrewd,  
 Who knew his better half was lewd.  
 Could now such subtile nets be wrought,  
 How many frail ones might be caught !

Twenty-five summers just have been  
 By the gay Alton only seen :  
 Blazing meridian of age,  
 The prime of manhood, strong to wage 220  
 On woman war, tho' to her aid  
 The virtues phalanx-like arrayed,  
 She could occasionally call :  
 Too oft alas they sleep or fall !  
 Polite is Alton, College bred,  
 And in the languages well read ;  
 His income from encumbrance clear,  
 May be five thousand pounds a year.  
 Few men of fashion in his day  
 Did more successfully waylay 230  
 Confiding maids and innocent,  
 By him unto perdition sent.  
 The victim sacrificed at first  
 On the altar of wild love accurst,  
 Was a girl as mild and as fair  
 As ever breathed Ireland's air.  
 Artless and innocent she grew  
 Up into womanhood, nor knew  
 Deceptive man would her beguile,  
 Sincere she was in word and smile. 240  
 Tears of pity she may have shed,  
 If perchance tales of woe she read,  
 Or heard the dead bell, or the word  
 Dead was her pet lamb or her bird.  
 But tears of joy she often shed  
 When the poor hungry man was fed ;  
 And she would smile when for the food  
 ' He gave his bow and gratitude.'

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Hearing of her rare beauty, name,  
 Alton unto her father came, 250  
 His steward, whom he made believe  
 'Twas solely his rents to receive,  
 That induced him to leave the town,  
 And hurry to the country down.  
 No sooner had she struck his eye  
 Than crested passion rose on high,  
 Indomitable of fierce desire,  
 Sceptred by lust with eyes of fire,  
 Who regnant sat upon the throne  
 Of reason, queen and judge alone : 260  
 While ev'ry virtue that might frown  
 230 By the two fiends were struck down.  
 Now took the villian ev'ry guise  
 To lure her heart and dupe her eyes :  
 He swore by his eternal life  
 That she alone should be his wife ;  
 But protestations he might spare,  
 For half his words her heart could snare.  
 She gave to him in evil hour,  
 O'er her virgin soul, unbridled power. 270  
 Then he with fell triumphant joy,  
 240 Fager and swift, rushed to destroy  
 The beautiful and lovely flower,  
 The only one in mother bower :  
 With more than savage hand he broke,  
 Crushed and destroyed the father's hope.  
 And now when he had homewards turned,  
 His breast for her no longer burned ;  
 New conquests banished from his mind  
 The ruin that he left behind ; 280

And when she spoke of plighted troth,  
 Scornfully he smiled, and was wrath.  
 And now, oh Alton, you can tell,  
 If woman ever loved so well,  
 So truly loved with heart more pure,  
 Or with more beauty to allure.  
 But let her rest in death's embrace,  
 Insensible to her disgrace,  
 Destitute of living charms,  
 With your dead child laid in her arms ; 290  
 Like dying flame true to the death,  
 She with expiring lambent breath,  
 Circled and kissed the cold dead thing,  
 That once to life by her did spring.  
 And as a bird, in summer day,  
 Of plumage bright and sweetest lay,  
 When the dark storm began to frown.  
 Was by a thunderbolt struck down ;  
 Thus was she smit before her time,  
 By the murderous hand of crime. 300



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CANTO II.

Memory brings again to view  
Another picture just as true  
Unto the life as was the first.  
This one appears five times the worst,  
And tinged but with a streak of light  
That darkens more the gloomy night.  
A beauteous group that I behold,  
Seem robed in diamonds and in gold.  
So curt the gowns are of the fair  
The one half of their legs is bare, 10  
And of their bosoms snowy white,  
Voluptuous, subduing sight !  
Gentlemen by their dress and mien  
Among those ladies dight are seen.  
Conspicuous in the fair throng,  
Is Agnes and the tallest one,  
The most enchanting of them all,  
The gayest too at that gay ball.  
Her peachy cheeks and cherry lips,  
Her neck and bosom, waist and hips, 20  
Her legs and ankles and her feet,  
With a Diana might compete.  
While darker seems her hair and eye  
Than raven plume of blackest dye.  
Her joyous years that swift had run,  
Marked eighteen summers on the sun.

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No cloud of sorrow yet had broke,  
 Disappointment had not awoke ;  
 And pining want yet had not crept,  
 Unto the chamber where she slept ;                   30  
 Nor had Despair in thund'ring tone  
 Yet called the happy one his own.  
 On the floor carpeted she stands,  
 And Alton takes her by the hands  
 To lead her through the giddy waltz  
 Love sins oft causing or love faults.  
 With beating heart and blazing cheeks,  
 In thrilling tones to her he speaks,  
 And with flaming eyes of hot desire,  
 He loads her breast with his own fire.                   40  
 Blest pair ! in a few days they're seen,  
 Flying away to Gretna Green.  
 She thought that there she would be wed :  
 She never prest a bridal bed.  
 The wily libertine, secure,  
 Long of the victim had made sure :  
 When it beneath his power was brought,  
 'Twas felled by him with butcher thought.  
 By prosperous commercial trade,  
 A fortune Agnes' father made :                   50  
 He for the daughter had in store,  
 Twenty-five thousand pounds or more.  
 Of fortune fair and fairest limb,  
 Alton found her no match for him :  
 For he thought it would him degrade,  
 The blood plebeian of the maid ;  
 Tho' healthy, pure it seemed to flow  
 Through veins all placed in beds of snow,

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And was by the same sources fed  
As his, of not superior red. 60

30 But her superior he was found  
In lib'ral education sound.  
The greatest part of her school days,  
Squandered had been in reading plays,  
And love sick novels, trashy vile,  
That shock the morals or defile.  
Such phrases as did love impart,  
Committed were by her to heart ;  
And more especially those  
That did rejected love disclose. 70

40 From them she borrowed ev'ry art,  
That could wound or might guard the heart ;  
And trusted tho' she was so young  
To be a match for any tongue.  
Thus Agnes in her coat of mail,  
Defied seduction to assail.

Such a heroine ne'er was seen  
At the prudent age of fifteen ;  
But at an age somewhat more stale  
Alton smashed through her coat of mail. 80

50 Her accomplishments were not few :  
Reels, waltzes and quadrilles she knew ;  
On the piano she could play,  
And sing of Dibdin, Moore, a lay.  
Her voice was pleasing, soft and good :  
Brisk music she best understood.

Handel's famed oratorio  
Of the Messiah, she might know ;  
She felt at home with jigs and glees  
And a few Irish melodies. 90

Like most young ladies hot from school,  
 Her French had no syntactic rule.  
 Of grammar she but heard the name ;  
 Of geography almost the same.  
 Of Greek she knew as much perhaps  
 As of the globes and of the maps.  
 History was to her unknown,  
 With each sublime, or feeling poem.  
 Of arithmetic all she knew  
 Division was too hard to do. 100  
 Of pennmanship she nought could boast,  
 So acutely formed were almost  
 All the letters, not excepting O ;  
 Her writing none could read or know,  
 'Twas so cryptographed by rule,  
 But the young ladies of the school.  
 Of the Bible little had she read,  
 Too dull it seemed for one so bred ;  
 A fervent prayer she never said  
 Before she slumbered on her bed ; 110  
 The attitude of holy prayer  
 Was thought too mean for one so fair ;  
 In psalmody she was no adept :  
 Its songs beneath her piano slept,  
 Which in deep melody but spoke  
 In notes profane when it awoke.  
 She could not draw, she ne'er did try,  
 Yet she might paint a butterfly,  
 Carnations, tulips, roses red,  
 Better taught she appeared than fed. 120  
 The healthy dietary rule  
 Enforced at Agnes' boarding school,

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Had very little in it seen  
 That favoured the epicurean :  
 For Madame Grubs distinctly said,  
 " That nature easily was fed :  
 That beef, and veal, and pork, and ham,  
 With luscious mutton, and with lamb,  
 Produced a crassitude of blood,  
 Or grumous made the vital flood :  
 And when the fluid once was thick,  
 Oppressed 'twould make the heart, and sick :  
 Now thick blood nourish'd thoughts, she said,  
 That banished study from the head."  
 As she from sad experience knew,  
 What the blood in this state could do---  
 Madame Grubs therefore thought it right  
 'To give a vegetable diet  
 To her pupils every one,  
 Who grew quite delicate and wan 140  
 Underneath her maternal eye,  
 As lillies in the open sky.  
 An egg to eat was thought a sin,  
 Yellow it made young ladies skin.  
 A slim cut of the stalest bread,  
 With the butter as thinly spread  
 As gold leaf on a picture frame :  
 A cup of---I don't know the name---  
 It must be of the living spring,  
 So lucid was the scalding thing ; 150  
 Of the ghost of tea, perhaps I speak,  
 'Twas so attenuated, weak ;  
 Composed the bountiful repast,  
 When in the morn they broke their fast.

At five, she + the ladies dine,  
 Upon cabbages cut up fine,  
 With lettuces and onions, that  
 Swam in hog's lard or other fat ;  
 When with allspice it was prepared  
 And water hot, to all 'twas shared ; 160  
 And to which Grubs this name did give,  
 Vegetable soup, sanative.  
 It was succeeded by a dish  
 Of minced meat and salted fish.  
 Yes Mother Grubs at times has broke,  
 The rule of which above I spoke :  
 But rules and laws she understood,  
 Are broke when for the public good.  
 To a bread pudding next she'd treat :  
 'Twas so full of fat and so sweet, 170  
 Keenest appetites it would pall--  
 Untouched, the dinner left the hall.  
 Justice to her I'll do at least :  
 On Sabbath days the girls did feast  
 On venison, not too often sound,  
 Which was by poachers shot or found.  
 Tho' apparently she was bad,  
 Redeeming qualities she had :  
 Give at stated times she would,  
 A dinner sumptuous and good ; 180  
 On Madame Grubs I'll cast no slur,  
 'Twas when she had a visiter :  
 But when none there was, then were seen  
 The former dishes in routine.  
 Of this inviting splendid fare,  
 At table Grubs was very spare :

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Constant at it she did preside,  
 To shew how she had mortified  
 Carnal craving appetite,  
 That all from her example might 190  
 Of temperance a model take :  
 Thus many converts she did make,  
 Or rather they were made, I deem,  
 By the rich puddings, soups and steam.  
 But tho' she seemed so abstinent,  
 Her person fair, was corpulent,  
 Plethorical or *en bon point*,  
 Against her academic law.  
 It was her pleasure and her will,  
 Of life's good things to have her fill, 200  
 In her snug parlour ev'ry day  
 With a light-footed man and gay ;  
 The dancing master was her guest,  
 She loved him long and loved him best ;  
 She supped with him, with him did prate ;  
 Her bliss sublime when *tête à tête*.  
 His bosky whiskers stiff and black,  
 His flippant tongue's incessant clack,  
 His bows, " his light fantastic toe,"  
 His smiles, his fiddle and his bow ; 210  
 With some new steps and flatt'ry hot,  
 Enchanted Grubs upon the spot.  
 As she entranced, the sofa prest,  
 Music and love reigned in her breast ;  
 While the governess, what neglect !  
 Taught in the school without respect.  
 Breathes there a woman with a soul  
 O'er whom Flattery ne'er had control,

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Or pleasure thrilling had not felt,  
 When unto her the Siren knelt. 220  
 If such there breathes her sex to wrong,  
 Not to this world she does belong ;  
 Moulded she is not of our earth,  
 Some frigid planet gave her birth,  
 An icy heart, an ear of frost,  
 And eye by sunbeam never crost.  
 To lovely women of our sphere,  
 Kind nature gave the open ear,  
 The warm heart and the melting eye,  
 Flatt'ry to invite, not deny. 230  
 Low tho' her state or high her name,  
 Beautiful her form as wish can claim ;  
 Or tho' she be ungainly born,  
 And of proud beauty be the scorn ;  
 Despite the sinner, saint or nun,  
 Her hostess fair is ev'ry one.  
 Like to the sex no man is free  
 From the strong spell of Flattery,  
 O'er all she has the power to please :  
 No Timon or Diogenes 240  
 Dare to repulse or to withstand,  
 When the fair Goddess takes the hand ;  
 Her kindly words, bewitching eyes,  
 Make all that see her idolize.  
 Maria was a lovely lass :  
 Few of the sex could her surpass,  
 In learning, figure and in skin ;  
 Her unaffected worth might win  
 A stoic or caverned recluse,  
 Professors wrapt in thought abstruse. 250

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Her accomplishments might ensnare,  
 220 She was so learn'd, pious, fair ;  
 Critic severe she could defy,  
 Had not the dear girl but one eye.  
 My tribute of respect I paid,  
 One day unto the learned maid ;  
 My compliments were not believed,  
 Or but lukewarm she them received,  
 And with apathy. When I spoke  
 What thought myself and other folk 260  
 Of her learning, and varied parts  
 230 And proficiency in the arts,  
 Of her piety and her zeal---  
 Like cannon powder laid on steel ;  
 The truth alone could not impart  
 A spark of pleasure to her heart.  
 Then of intellectual things  
 I spoke, and of the wanderings  
 Of the spirit through boundless space,  
 Fain all the universe to trace. 270  
 'Twas all in vain, she knew too much,  
 240 The master chord remained to touch.  
 Of her attractions next I spoke :  
 An int'rest then in her I woke ;  
 Her form was most divine, I said---  
 Her cheeks now flushed a deeper red :  
 And when I did panegyryze  
 Her locks and lips ; with feigned surprise  
 She said, I was a boar complete,  
 But yet drew closer to my seat ; 280  
 And closer still as I replied,  
 250 Beauty she was personified :

While Flatt'ry whispered in her ear,  
 Many a thing I wont name here.  
 Not one could prompt me but the Deuce,  
 Of comparisons to make use :  
 Her sparkling eyes (what have I said,  
 She had got but one in her head,)  
 Were blue as bluest stars, I vowed ;  
 When suddenly there rose a cloud,  
 And settled on the sky so red,  
 But tempest now and lightning fed.  
 The genius of the storm awoke  
 And all its fury on me broke.



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### CANTO III.

290 Soon as Alton had from him flung,  
The tendril torn that to him clung ;  
Exulting to the continent,  
He on a tour of pleasure went ;  
And thoughtless as the reckless gale  
That marred some fair and noble sail.  
He was the man the only one,  
Her young and virgin heart that won ;  
He was the man when it did win,  
Tempted to, and left in sin. 10  
Of all her loves and all her soul,  
And hopes and fears, he had the whole ;  
All her passions, joys, will and thought,  
She to the Moloch idol brought ;  
All contributing, the meanwhile  
To prepare and light up the pile.  
Agnes forsook in her distress,  
And cast on the world pennyless ;  
Plundered of virtue and her fame,  
With no comforter in her shame, 20  
Roamed through the gass-lit streets at night,  
No more to her a goodly sight :  
To one, a splendid one, and which  
Contains the mansions of the rich,  
Unwittingly she slowly came,  
Exposed to cold, to wind and rain,

From a drawing-room overhead,  
 Candelabra lights on her shed ;  
 A strain of melody was heard,  
 That seemed of all to be preferred ;      30  
 Her miseries fast to increase,  
 And thoughts acute revive, release,  
 Which underneath the potent spell,  
 Fiercely fired in her bosom, hell.  
 It was a song, a fav'rite song,  
 That told of crost love and of wrong ;  
 Of maiden mad and left alone,  
 Querulous and sad was the tone ;  
 Her drooping head she feebly raised,  
 And on the blazing window gazed.      40  
 It was the house, the very hall  
 Where she met Alton at the ball ;  
 Of her first love it was the scene,  
 Where she was worshipped as a queen,  
 And where her hand to him she gave---  
 'Twas now to her a living grave.  
 On the flooded flags she lay,  
 Bitterly groaned and swooned away,  
 Insensible to grief and pain,  
 And heedless of the wind and rain.      50  
 Above her was a frowning sky,  
 And around no pitying eye ;  
 No late passenger to invite  
 Her to a refuge for the night ;  
 All, from the storm and drenching rain,  
 Quick, shelter secure, sought to gain ;  
 No lazy watchman went his round---  
 Each dozing in his box was found.

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Vigilance with head on the breast,  
 Fitfully nodded with the rest. 60  
 'Twas twelve o'clock, a winter's night :  
 30 Nought could be seen to greet the sight,  
 But the lamps equidistant placed,  
 To point out the dark silent waste ;  
 Each somb'rous street they did illumine,  
 Like tapers in a Theban tomb.  
 Her darkest shroud the night flung down  
 Upon the dreary stilly town ;  
 Whose wearied life took its repose,  
 Forgetful of its weals and woes. 70  
 The patt'ring rain and the storm's moan,  
 40 With steeple clocks, were heard alone.  
 The nightly shower her only friend,  
 Her fainting, fast began to end :  
 It cooled her burning fevered breast,  
 And clammy lips, by thirst opprest.  
 Upon her knees she laid her head,  
 And to herself contritely said :  
 " Unto my father love belongs ;  
 Him I will seek, tell him my wrongs ; 80  
 Nor will I my offence conceal ;  
 50 For the lost sheep he yet may feel ;  
 Should he receive me and forgive---  
 For him alone I mean to live ;  
 No other one my heart shall share,  
 My father sole will be my care.  
 And oh, my sainted mother now,  
 Do witness this my solemn vow ;  
 Hadst thou been alive well I know  
 Agnes would not have acted so. 90

My Aunt, indulgent never did  
 My foolish fancies once forbid :  
 As she's so fond she may relint,  
 When at her knees I fain repent.  
 But if they prove to me unkind,  
 Distraction will destroy my mind."  
 She rose at morn and to him went :  
 He with stern voice and vehement,  
 Commanded her to drop his name,  
 When he beheld her pregnant shame. 100  
 He drove the daughter from that door,  
 Who entered goddess-like before ;  
 Nor would her once indulgent aunt  
 An interview or pardon grant.  
 She turned away both sick and faint,  
 But murmured not a single plaint ;  
 No tear was on her glossy eye,  
 Her frozen breast heaved not a sigh :  
 Contrition, hope, with love and prayer,  
 Were overcome by wild despair. 110  
 Unconsciously she entered in,  
 To the nocturnal haunt of sin ;  
 This habitation of ill fame,  
 Ruled by a prostituting dame ;  
 Out in the suburbs was retired,  
 And was by wealthy sparks admired.  
 So much kindness she here received,  
 Having revived she then believed  
 This was of happiness the home,  
 Where pale misery was unknown. 120  
 When she began to gaze around  
 The festooned drawing-room, and found

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That man deceptive was not there ;  
 That blooming ladies young and fair,  
 Administered to her relief,  
 And essayed to assuage her grief ;  
 Then at the time she did suppose  
 While they gave balm unto her woes,  
 That they unto the earth were sent  
 In mercy, were in mercy lent 130  
 To outraged woman, her to heal,  
 And place on her grief the seal.  
 But she did not opine when they  
 Such tender things to her did say,  
 And such attendance to her show  
 When the next morn she thought to go,  
 That they but garlanded with flower  
 The victim 'neath the incense shower,  
 And brightened but the more the knife  
 That was to take away its life. 140  
 'Twas here upon the second morn,  
 That Agnes had a babe still born ;  
 With anguish and with sorrow rife,  
 She was a mother and no wife.  
 Secluded from the world's cold sneer,  
 She found a home and attendance here ;  
 And gave the gratitude she owed,  
 To the mistress of the abode.  
 No common brothel was the place ;  
 No row was here, no bloody face ; 150  
 On the most luring splendid plan,  
 'Twas fitted up for monied man.  
 Here choicest music-books were found,  
 With instruments of sweetest sound ;

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And costly sofas, finely wrought,  
 With ottomans from London brought ;  
 Gilt framed pictures, the most obscene,  
 On the rich papered walls were seen :  
 Cupids and nymphs, the eye might trace,  
 In naked beauty on each vase ; 160  
 Books indelicate were displayed,  
 And images too wanton made :  
 Lust here had all she could require  
 To blaze up Passion's slumb'ring fire ;  
 But none could here with little gold,  
 The sinful coaxing witch behold.  
 Scenes and temptations such as these,  
 Did not Agnes attract or please  
 At the first, tho' somewhat disguised ;  
 She in time was familiarized, 170  
 By most insensible degrees---  
 And strove the visiters to please.  
 Then with a charm Flattery sweet,  
 Laid modesty beneath her feet.  
 Luxuriant now began to sprout,  
 Guilt from the breast unrooted out ;  
 It blossomed fast, each rapid shoot,  
 As deep and deeper it took root,  
 And expanded quick, till it became  
 A deadly Upas to her frame. 180  
 With eye lascivious and elate,  
 She gloried in her fallen state ;  
 And mien, of graces not bereft---  
 The fragments of her beauty left.  
 With hardened heart, unruffled smile,  
 She transiently enjoyed awhile,

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Hollow and guilty pleasures here.  
 A check was put on her career :  
 Disease afflicted body, soul,  
 And poisoned strong the golden bowl : 190  
 Deprived of hope's most feeble ray,  
 In pain she languishingly lay ;  
 And requested, too late reclaimed,  
 That a minister, whom she named,  
 A relative, a faithful friend,  
 On her departure might attend.  
 He promptly came, devoutly read,  
 And her strayed thoughts to heaven led.  
 With choking voice and ghastly look,  
 She seized upon the sacred book. 200  
 Her father and her aunt she named---  
 And them curst, blessed, invoked and blamed :  
 The clergyman retired and brought  
 Them unto her, and by her unsought :  
 Who knelt and groaned, and sighed and wept,  
 Over the lost one as she slept ;  
 And begged of heaven with ardent prayer,  
 Again their darling one to spare ;  
 Whom from their door they lately turned,  
 And cruelly abused and spurned. 210  
 Her parting life stirred in the bed,  
 A dying spasm threw up her head ;  
 Her eye balls sparkled with a ray  
 Of the last sun of her last day.  
 The parent instantly she knew,  
 And her feeble arms on him threw ;  
 Then conscious guilt, strong, with a frown,  
 Held them and struggling nature down :

She fell beneath the mortal stroke,  
 Ere unto him she could have spoke. 220  
 Alas, how fickle oft is man,  
 In firm resolve, determin'd plan !  
 The father now would give his all,  
 If it to life could her recal,  
 Her, whom from his embrace he flung :  
 Curst---now prayed for with the same tongue.  
 No mourners here stand round the bed,  
 For so offensive smells the dead ;  
 Not even those that were most dear,  
 Can linger many moments here. 230  
 Contagion strictly guards the prey,  
 And corruption is on the clay :  
 Ere had set of her days the sun,  
 Foul putrefaction had begun.  
 Oh can this be the lovely maid,  
 In that black painted coffin laid ;  
 The idolized, enchanting one,  
 Whom all admired, now whom all shun ?  
 Or was this the enchanting thing,  
 That at the ball did waltz and sing ? 240  
 She seem'd so full of life, I thought  
 That death for many years was balk'd ;  
 And then so beautiful she seem'd,  
 I could not have thought or dream'd  
 She so horrible could appear  
 In but the compass of a year ;  
 And even now I still can trace,  
 A streak of beauty on that face :  
 A while it lingers on the dead,  
 Like unto the last sunbeam shed 250

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220 Upon a lopt and shattered rose,  
 On which the canker worms repose.  
 As piece by piece a bark is strewn  
 Beneath the cloud opposing moon,  
 That struggles on with all her might  
 Unto the wreck to give her light :---  
 So beauty hovered o'er the dead---  
 Upon the corpse her smile she shed :  
 Rescued it seemed as if from death,  
 Tho' past it swept destruction's breath. 260  
 And oh that it, who would believe,  
 230 Pride to its bosom did receive,  
 And vaunt and toss the head with pride,  
 Tho' to the worm so near allied.  
 How still it lies, how humble now !  
 Pride is not on its eye or brow ;  
 The nauseous home Pride forsakes,  
 And a one less disgusting takes.  
 And yet I think of Pride a shade  
 Upon the corpse's lips has staid, 270  
 Which strongly holds unto the last  
 The vestige of the reign that's past.  
 240 As here it solitary lies,  
 With locks dishevelled and dim eyes ;  
 The neck so drooped, head downward hung,  
 With no sweet words upon the tongue :  
 I in imagination see  
 Curst, stript of immortality,  
 Expelled and from high heaven fled,  
 A blasted rebel angel dead ; 280  
 And stricken by the flaming rod,  
 Of an avenging angry God.  
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Altho' forsaken thus by all,  
 Tho' marred in body by his fall,  
 Altho' of all that beauty shorn  
 Which in his blest state he had worn :  
 There is left behind a mark  
 Upon the ruined angel dark,  
 Of perfect potency to show  
 Tho' writhed be his face of woe ;  
 He bore the impress of the seal,  
 Man calls the Beautiful Ideal.

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CANTO IV.

290 With conquests new and conquests great,  
Alton returned home elate ;  
Vivid pictures he could draw  
Of the new beauties that he saw :  
French, Spaniards, Portuguese, black-eyed,  
And Germans plump, for him had sighed ;  
While languishing Italians felt  
They were subdued before he knelt.  
His conquests too he did increase,  
In the dear lovely land of Greece : 10  
The land of glorious fame and song,  
Where Ella loved and loved not long :  
In stately words he heard her speak,  
And tell of all her love in Greek ;  
That flowed from her lips grapy sweet,  
As he was kneeling at her feet.  
With joyous rolling sparkling eyes,  
She gave her hand and bade him rise :  
Then laid her head upon his breast,  
Having to him her love confest. 20  
Devour he did a face and neck,  
That of that sun had not a speck ;  
From her soft bosom parian white,  
He extracted and drank delight ;  
And like the first bee that eager sips,  
He drew upon her scarlet lips ;  
Then as vehement to his breast

The unresisting girl he prest,  
 With her two white hands on her face,  
 She fainted in his rough embrace ; 30  
 That overpowered and reached the heart,  
 Again it made the young blood start :  
 Onward through all her veins it rushed,  
 And the face, neck and bosom flushed.  
 She hoped, but 'twas to be deceived,  
 She joyed but the more to be grieved ;  
 She beheld, to be tantalized ;  
 And she loved but to be despised.  
 With the credulity of youth,  
 She questioned not his love and truth. 40  
 Until from her own yellow strand,  
 She saw him sail and wave the hand.  
 Determined never more to part,  
 To perjured man her bleeding heart :  
 Scorning to outlive her disgrace,  
 Or be sullied more by the race ;  
 Resolved her tarnished soul to free,  
 Sappho like she plunged in the sea.  
 He too can show among his works,  
 Some of the modestly veiled Turks, 50  
 By him most scandalized, 'tis said ;  
 He drove the prophet from her head.  
 He scaled the walls, if it be true,  
 Of the august seraglio too.  
 But love at night impelled too far :  
 He had to cross a cimitar  
 With a grim Turk, who as he fell,  
 Dying, curst the Frank infidel.  
 A vain dress-maker next he 'drest :

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She was a flirt and wore the best ; 60  
 No gown than hers so neat and smart  
 30 Better was made by needle art.  
 With hazel eyes and light brown hair,  
 She assumed a lady-like air ;  
 A wreath of flowers adorned her head,  
 And paleness on her face was spread ;  
 Her pouting lips seemed to delight  
 In teeth of pearl, as purely white ;  
 Her breasts were full, her shape was slim,  
 All, like a sail in gaudy trim, 70  
 Devoid of cargo, jewels or gold ;  
 40 Allured the dashing pirate bold.  
 'Twas with "coy amorous delay,"  
 She heard what Alton had to say :  
 He told it all to her so well,  
 She lay entranced beneath the spell ;  
 It all to her so well he told,  
 She chid him not when he made bold ;  
 He told it all so well to her,  
 Virtue made no attempt to stir, 80  
 No attempt to stir virtue made,  
 50 The sentinel herself betrayed.  
 To stir virtue made no attempt,  
 Her eyes she closed, her head she bent ;  
 Unto lust's altar then was tost,  
 The victim sure, a holocaust :  
 Poor Martha found she was undone,  
 Before her love had well begun.  
 His eagle eye again was staid  
 Upon a little servant maid, 90  
 Whom without trouble or delay,

Unsated passion made a prey.  
 And as a victor, mighty, proud,  
 To whom submission long has bowed ;  
 Whom cities strongly fortified,  
 And castles, have in vain defied :  
 Beneath whose dark destroying frown,  
 High citadels have fallen down ;  
 For want of something more to do,  
 Or create an excitement new : 100  
 Burns and levels unto the ground,  
 What cottages and huts are found.  
 Thus Alton varied each attack,  
 And of each pleasure had a smack ;  
 A sure conqueror was the blade,  
 Of lady fair as of the maid.  
 Of such an Alton, oh beware,  
 Ye thoughtless fascinating fair !  
 A painting strange of hugeous size, 110  
 Mem'ry holds to the mental eyes ;  
 A motley group here crowds a room,  
 And is enrolled in odd costume,  
 The Georgian and Circassian there,  
 With eyes gazelle and flaxen hair ;  
 No plants exotic hither brought  
 Are fair as can be framed by thought.  
 With snuff-box feet a Chinese here,  
 Seemeth to tread the ground with fear,  
 So close confined and crushed her toes---  
 What misery is on her nose. 120  
 There stands majestic at her side,  
 A Tartar lass in a rough hide :  
 But her waist is too tightly stayed .

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Too pale her cheeks for Tartan maid.

In propria persona, she

From a low station rose to be

Placed in the middle ranks of life :

She was besought to be their wife,

By fortune hunters quick of scent,

Whose properties were none or lent

130

To usurers they ne'er could pay,

Or in the court of chanc'ry lay.

Her father added gold to gold,

By the commodities he sold :

He was a butcher, what of that,

His pockets by the trade got fat ;

And 'twas his boast that rich he waxed ;

With more honour than he that taxed

Urine, in despite of his son ;

The Roman ladies, all and one,

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Should have, tho' warlike he was known,

On him their chamber pots have thrown.

Now the butchery to commence,

Shillings requires as well as pence ;

But few of those he could command

To practise in the art his hand ;

The art of butchery I mean,

So poor at first the man had been.

First, huxter-like, on a small scale,

His checkered goods appeared for sale.:

150

His stand big as a sentry box

Exhibited old keys and locks,

Candles and butter, herrings, tuf,

Tobacco, tripes, hogs' puddings, snuff ;

Onions, ginger-bread, soap, lard,

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120

With pipes and pork, and ballads hard  
 To be dechiphered or be read ;  
 The print so disrespected fled.  
 A little cash at times he lent,---  
 At the rate of fifty per cent. 160  
 In fifteen moons it came to pass,  
 He did five pounds in full amass.  
 Ambitious thoughts then swayed his brain ;  
 A fat calf was bought, and was slain,  
 With old sows that young bacon made ;  
 How lucrative must be the trade,  
 By which he rose from starch to sow,  
 From candle to calf, from calf to cow.  
 In a few years all by his thrift,  
 From stool to chair he got a lift ; 170  
 From chair to cab, to carriage thence ;  
 To golden heaps from a few pence.  
 Gradually but sure he rose ;  
 Then gentlemen, reduced, he chose  
 Associates---from whom he thought  
 Some gentility might be caught.  
 They often for the maiden sighed,  
 But were by him as oft denied :  
 Not rank and blood, but gold or land,  
 The father swore should buy her hand. 180  
 He swore in vain---for his delight  
 Eloped from him one summer night,  
 With a pedlar, whose stock in hand  
 In a small basket had been crammed.  
 There nobly fronts her, face to face,  
 A Persian nymph in silks and lace :  
 A glance of scorn is in her eye :

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The low bred Tartar is too nigh.  
 No differ'nce of rank should be made  
 At the levelling masquerade. 190

160 A Spanish Infanta, and proud,  
 Is conspicuous in the crowd :  
 As supercilious seems the maid  
 As if all Spain by her was swayed ;  
 How blanched her cheeks, her waist how small!  
 With catgut scream her lungs should call  
 Upon a tyrant so severe

That strangles them without a fear.

An Alderman profoundly speaks  
 To a lady with pudding cheeks ; 200  
 She's a character Flemish aped,  
 170 And parallelogramic shaped :

Upon a certain place behind,  
 A mount miniature I find,  
 Composed perhaps of padding full,  
 Of inflammable greasy wool ;  
 For the fat lady I would fear,  
 If but one spark had touched her here.

An Italian with charming eyes,  
 With no proud hypocritic guise, 210

180 So fair, appears half deified ;  
 She is to Guiccioli allied

In fine taste for poetic sweets,  
 But the Countess far she beats  
 In fortune, lore, ideas grand :  
 If my poem could reach her hand  
 I'd think myself supremely blest---  
 Herself alone can judge the rest.  
 There cries at one end of the room

A Bohemian, " buy a broom, 220  
 Help to a stranger don't deny,  
 The broom is cheap, Sir, come and buy."  
 From the feigned stranger, helpless, lorn,  
 The broom was bought and quickly worn.  
 A shepherdess appears, and fair,  
 But of unshepherdess-like air :  
 Her silk boots too small, laced too tight,  
 Her toes all corned, with vengeance bite ;  
 Braided, bodiced, bustled and braced,  
 The character is most unchaste : 230  
 Spite of her crook and sylvan gear,  
 A town uncourted flirt is here.  
 A Delphic priestess I espy,  
 With coral lips and roguish eye :  
 The god, ungodly thoughts might rule,  
 Had he seen her on tripod stool.  
 A lady in afflictions' weeds,  
 With eyes unfit to look on beads,  
 And dancing unto laughing fun,  
 Appears the last to me, a nun. 240  
 I have not space, I have not time,  
 Exhausted too of all my rhyme ;  
 'To enumerate all the sex,  
 It would confuse, my brains perplex.  
 The males appear a counterpart,  
 In bold character and in art,  
 Of all the ladies that have been  
 Upon these laboured pages seen.  
 A Jupiter with thunderbolt,  
 A black fire poker grasps the dolt ; 250  
 An Apollo with laurel crowned,

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- 220 A Mercury for thefts renowned ;  
 A toasting fork, a Neptune wields,  
 And homage none old ocean yields ;  
 A saintless saint without a name ;  
 A devil in no flaming flame,  
 Ass-eared, ram-horned is his head,  
 A lemon faced Voltaire, unread ;  
 A Laplander with "blue nose cold,"  
 A Russian and a Cossack bold ; 260  
 A fierce mustached Austrian ;  
 230 A belted, spurred Hungarian ;  
 A most treacherous Portuguese ;  
 A lank unchristian Japanese ;  
 A cannibal New Zealander ;  
 A breechless kilted Highlander,  
 Armed with whip of a smarting lash,  
 Around his waist a scarlet sash,  
 A bonnet rouge upon his head,  
 A pipe by which he's almost fed ; 270  
 A merry devil in his eye,  
 240 A sharp hard face that can defy  
 Any icicle tooth of frost,  
 A man with temper seldom lost.  
 A Canadian, blithsome show,  
 A gentleman from head to toe ;  
 A Huron chief with him does talk ;  
 A blanket, gun and tomahawk,  
 Adorn his strong sleek swarthy limbs ;  
 A Bamfield Carew with gipsey whims, 280  
 An Algerine, a Buccaneer,  
 250 A turbanned bow stringed Vizier,  
 A Tinker, Cobbler to mend shoes,

A Barbar brisk retailing news ;  
 A merry Andrew or a Clown,  
 A Sweep, a Chancellor in gown,  
 A Ploughman laced, can't stand upright,  
 A Count frenchified, unpolite ;  
 A miser trembling for his cash,  
 A splendid prodigal Beau Nash,                   290  
 A dusky Smith, Man Milliner,  
 A Beggar and Prime Minister ;  
 Are a few of the sketches wrought  
 By Mem'ry with the pencil thought.  
 The eye of nature in its range  
 Never surveyed a group so strange,  
 And in so small a compass seen,  
 Where Folly seems the reigning queen,  
 Or Mistress of a noisy school  
 With her Governess Ridicule.                   300  
 From them all those who wish may learn  
 Their true character to discern ;  
 And by them they may well be taught  
 To wear no dress but what they ought.



CANTO V.

290

Oh how weak are words to express,  
The ideas that so often press  
Around bright Fancy's spangled throne,  
That when nursed and maturely grown  
In the deep silence of the night,  
Struggle to come forth to the light ;  
And worry too the pestered brains,  
To let them 'scape from judgment's reins ;  
Which when permission they have wrung,  
Must yet seek egress from the tongue, 10  
Of jailers all the most unblest,  
That flings them out and vilely drest.  
A portrait Mem'ry holds to view,  
It scarcely seems to nature true,  
It represents I understand  
The fairest lady of the land ;  
No language strong, no not the pen,  
Her beauty rare can tell to men ;  
She is the burden of my song,  
Tho' I inflict on her a wrong. 20  
Of all her features the contour  
Appears ethentially pure :  
All the expression that is there  
Might beatified spirits wear :  
Such auburn locks in virgin bloom,  
Angels mortalized might assume.

300

Such sweetness of look and grace  
 Might suit a serene seraph face ;  
 A summer evening's tranquil sky  
 No bluer is than is her eye ; 30  
 That might cause angels to revere  
 Their Creator's power displayed here,  
 In forming out from inert clay  
 Such eyes of such expressive ray.  
 The most delicate white and red  
 Are on her cheeks, the colours spread :  
 While on the lips of the fair maid  
 Nature has the vermilion laid ;  
 Her graceful neck so lovely white,  
 Her bosom half revealed to sight, 40  
 Like Alpine snow by foot untrod,  
 Are pure as when they came from God.  
 Her breasts untouched, by man unseen,  
 Screened by her gown of silken green,  
 Like two white roses must appear,  
 Not quite blown out by the young year.  
 On her soft heaving bosom beams  
 A diamond glittering that seems,  
 Alternately to rise, subside,  
 As falls or swells the crimson tide ; 50  
 A jewelled harp of gold refined,  
 Confines her folded hair behind.  
 The symmetry of her waist is shown  
 By a golden emerald zone,  
 That blazons up her form serene :  
 Meek and majestic it is seen.  
 The maskers all to it had bent,  
 It was so supereminent.

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Turks, New Zealanders, Portuguese,  
With the Devil, are on their knees, 60

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To obtain a glance or a smile  
From the fair spirit of the isle.

As emulous they kiss her hands,

Remote the god Apollo stands :

His eyes Italian charms control,

But with the other is his soul.

Thou noble god, all flaming bright,

Why dost thou shun the glorious sight ;

While swift Mercury to her flies,

And would alone monopolize

70

That lily hand, almost divine,

40

The hand of lady Emeline ?

If mortals dare to give reproof,

It is a shame to stand aloof.

Why like that god wilt thou not fawn ?

Why is thy arrow keen undrawn ?

Why is thy mighty bow unstrung ?

And why no pæan on thy tongue ?

Mercury's heats if not repress

May quickly fire the goddess' breast.

80

Already has the flame begun ;

50

Haste thou god or thou art undone :

Or too late may be all thy power

To fascinate and to deflower.

In noble bearing and in eye,

Few could with the Apollo vie,

In person, manners bland, refined,

And ornaments of body, mind ;

In tact the tender sex to please ;

In the nonchalance, in the ease,

90

And the ability by which  
 His expressions he could enrich ;  
 In the musical sweet toned voice,  
 And the words of which he made choice,  
 The most proper to represent  
 A learned or a love sentiment ;  
 Or his intentions to conceal :  
 He was the true Beau Ideal  
 Of a scholar and a gallant,  
 And a hypocrite elegant, 100  
 Or an elegant hypocrite ;  
 Forming a character not unfit,  
 For one that has already been  
 Previously in these pages seen.  
 And whose aspirings all incline  
 To wed the lady Emeline,  
 Whom he shuns to observe the more ;  
 And what he never did before,  
 He truly loves a girl, by whom  
 His haughty brow is sunk in gloom. 110  
 Her blithsome heart most freely drank  
 The purest blood of noble rank ;  
 Accomplished, educated too,  
 As much of literature she knew  
 As to woman should appertain,  
 It made her too proud to be vain.  
 Her voice when mellowed into song,  
 Seemed not to mortals to belong ;  
 By it the list'ner was amazed,  
 Like giant slave that had been raised 120  
 By the magician's potent spell,  
 That on him unexpected fell.

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On troubled hearts a balm it spread,  
 By it the evil spirit fled.  
 Alton heard, saw and admired ;  
 She was all he could have desired :  
 Beautiful and learned, young and rich,  
 She was a diamond upon which  
 The artist yet had made no sign,  
 Untouched, it brightened still the mine. 130  
 Devotion true by him was paid  
 At the feet of the blushing maid ;  
 'The lovers' homage was received  
 And his vows now sincere believed.  
 In sweetest melody of tone,  
 Beneath a green shade and alone,  
 'Timid and coy, and flushed, and bland,  
 She owned her love and gave her hand.  
 As men oft do in such a case,  
 He near destroyed the lady's face, 140  
 Bright as a ball of fire and red ;  
 Her neck and snow drop bosom fed  
 His keen ravenous appetite,  
 That to such fare had no just right.  
 And as a locust that is seen  
 Famished, feeds on the leafy green :  
 So his thirsty and hungry soul,  
 Freely partook without controul,  
 Of the pure bowl of mortal bliss,  
 Held by a creature fair as this. 150  
 But when to swallow all he thought,  
 Unto her face the blood was brought.  
 She then with a reproving look,  
 Quickly dashed down the bowl he took.

ice,

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120

He, all confounded and amazed,  
 Idolatrously on her gazed,  
 And abashed, tremblingly surveyed  
 The enchantress and modest maid.  
 To lady chaste the culprit knelt,  
 The magic in his bones was felt ;                   160  
 Nor did he from the posture rise  
 Till he found favour in her eyes.  
 But long that favour did not last,  
 The thunder cloud was coming fast ;  
 Another suiter in her train,  
 A noble one confessed his pain ;  
 But his confession was too late.  
 He had been Alton's chum or mate,  
 When on his continental tour ;  
 To him as a friend firm and sure,                   170  
 Alton revealed what he had done,  
 Of all his sins he spared not one :  
 Never imagining that he  
 To him a foe one day might be ;  
 Or be a rival for that hand,  
 Which made them both in combat stand.  
 Full of life, expectation, glee  
 At a brilliant ball were the three :  
 Alton, the lady Emeline,  
 And Mercury, who warm with wine,                   180  
 Seized the fair hand he got from chance,  
 And then with her led off the dance,  
 Tho' she to Alton was engaged ;  
 Who by suspicion grew enraged,  
 And brooded as he stood aloof  
 Revenge for him, for her reproof.

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She danced till dancing made her tired,  
 And refused Alton when desired  
 By him to form a quadrille set :  
 He was displeas'd but loved her yet. 190  
 But when he mark'd in Emeline,  
 A something he could not define,  
 And like neglect : and when he saw  
 Her attentions his rival draw :  
 Then frantic love quick up did root  
 The tree that bore the golden fruit.  
 He resolv'd when the occasion serv'd,  
 To treat as he thought she deserv'd,  
 Her with neglect, the bitter pill  
 That few can swallow with good will, 200  
 But which she took, ere it was long  
 It work'd jealousy in her strong ;  
 For he full in her sicken'd sight  
 With the Italian spent the night.  
 His self-possession and his tact,  
 That what he need'd now he lack'd.  
 'Twas jealousy, the watchful snake  
 Which mad love and suspicion make,  
 That by him cruelly was sprung, 210  
 And by which first himself was stung.  
 The reptile sought the vital part,  
 Then drov' its fangs deep in her heart ;  
 Coiled in her breast the serpent lay,  
 And fed securely on its prey.  
 His eye triumphantly was lit,  
 When he beheld that she was smit :  
 But when he saw her dying state,  
 He kill'd the monster when too late.

That night she early home retired  
 With Mercury, who still aspired 220  
 To a heart that but one love knew,  
 That was in the hour of trial true.  
 He then, with desperation steeled,  
 Alton's doings to her revealed :  
 Of all his crimes, to her he spoke,  
 While honour on the wheel he broke ;  
 Forgetful of his plighted word,  
 The demon Treach'ry in him stirred,  
 And as a tow'ring mighty rock  
 Withstands the strong electric shock ; 230  
 But when the sapper fires the train  
 It lies in fragments on the plain :  
 Thus was her love by him destroyed,  
 Which Alton not ruined but annoyed :  
 Who having now thrown off the mask,  
 Forgiveness from her came to ask.  
 With livid lips and blanched cheek,  
 She to him of his faults did speak,  
 Which he made light of or denied,  
 And swore he was to her belied. 240  
 That he swore falsely well she knew,  
 As from the guilty man she flew ;  
 Petitioned by him to be heard,  
 And now contemned as he deserved.  
 She heeded not in her despair ;  
 He sued a phantom of the air.  
 He challenged then to deadly fight  
 His quondam friend, the errant knight,  
 And fought with him but did not fall,  
 Receiving in his arm the ball. 250

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He came again his cause to plead,  
In the last hour of hopeless need,  
With loathing eye, stern with command,  
She bade him go, and waved her hand.

He supplicated, to be spurned ;  
He entered, but out to be turned ;  
He reared a fraud to be rived,  
And martyred truth to be revived.

Sincere he loved but to be balked,  
And but one by her to be mocked.

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230

He built a fane and with much care,  
But to fall on the idol there.



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250

CASTO VI.

When Buonaparte in Russia lost,  
 By famine, by the sword, and frost,  
 The noble army that he led,  
 And from which in disguise he fled :  
 Muffled in furs to give him heat,  
 And tramping with half frozen feet  
 Thro' a bleak room in mean attire,  
 Where more abounded smoke than fire :  
 Experience taught him at the time,  
 There was but a step from the sublime 10  
 To the ridiculous complete ;  
 Neighbours they are, but most unmeet.  
 Alton now sad experience told,  
 In harrowing tones, grave and cold,  
 That from love unto hatred strong,  
 There's but a step and that not long.  
 'Tis made with the most perfect ease  
 By jealousy when lovers please ;  
 But back that step 'twill seldom spring  
 Until it leaves the fatal sting ;  
 And which unto death did consign,  
 The life that was of Emeline.  
 And there she lies in fun'ral shroud,  
 With love lamenting for her loud ;  
 Now handed by Death to the grave,  
 The fairest boon he ever gave. 20

Too soon the beauteous form withdrew  
 And fled a world it scarcely knew ;  
 Too soon the meteor left the sky,  
 That flashed, to please and pleased, to die ; 30  
 Too soon did storms the rainbow shroud ;  
 Too soon 'twas shattered in the cloud ;  
 Too soon the voice had died away  
 When inspiration on it lay ;  
 But not too soon from earth was scared,  
 A spirit pure for heaven prepared.  
 Virtue she was imbodied made,  
 And by the graces all arrayed.  
 'Twas a body of flaw devoid,  
 Touched off by beauty, then destroyed : 40  
 A butterfly but of a morn,  
 That rose to die upon a thorn :  
 A graceful poplar, but beheld  
 By the rough woodman to be felled :  
 A bird of paradise and song,  
 By a fierce falcon pounced upon :  
 With ruffled plumage, blooded head,  
 It lay beneath his talons dead.  
 A spirit of some planet bright,  
 That did upon the earth alight 50  
 In a beautiful holy flame,  
 And incarnated then became,  
 To talk with man of all he knew---  
 But instantaneous from him flew,  
 And from his base prostrated mind,  
 Leaving the form assumed behind.  
 A picture frame gilt for a breath :  
 A woman lovely to the death :

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A creature of bliss and of pain,  
 Worshipped by man and by him slain. 60  
 Who maddened, agonized and galled,  
 In the church-yard by night has called  
 To the lone tenant of the grave  
 To come forth, to forgive and save.  
 In darkest gloom he goeth there,  
 Not to utter or breathe a prayer,  
 But to curse his destiny, and vent  
 The anguish in his bosom pent.  
 He visits there while he has strength :  
 A fever of the brain at length, 70  
 And a foul disease that long had preyed,  
 On a death bed, the sinner laid.  
 Conscience Book-keeper of the soul,  
 Stern and just shows to him the whole  
 Of all his dark infernal deeds---  
 While keenest thought unceasing bleeds  
 The tortured, torn heart with its sting,  
 For which there is no healing spring.  
 When reason comes it comes to show  
 The greatness of the spirit's woe ; 80  
 Or with its flaming torch to light  
 Up the abyss unto its sight.  
 Fancy brings forward to his mind  
 All infernal shapes it can find,  
 Which strike their terrors in the face  
 Of that lost soul cut off from grace,  
 Without a comforter, a friend,  
 Self-damned as well as self-condemned.  
 The foaming madman on his bed,  
 Roaring summons up the dead. 90

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60 The ghost of Ellen first appears ;  
 And she with accusation sears  
 The marrow of the feelings fine,  
 On which the Furies often dine ;  
 Her babe its arms to him throws,  
 He hides himself beneath the clothes.  
 'Tis vain to paint by human art  
 The horrors all that make him start :  
 Imagination only can  
 Depict the demons of the man. 100

70 Now called by him from ocean's tomb,  
 Ella arises in his room :  
 With dripping locks, bewildered eye,  
 She tells her love and with a sigh,  
 She lays her head upon his breast,  
 And seems but there to find a rest :  
 She does on him as sweetly call  
 As if he was her all in all.  
 The perjurer with nought to say,  
 From the dear girl turns away, 110

80 She shrieks, implores : then as she fled,  
 She cast full on him, of the dead  
 A look, which breathing earth can't wear,  
 Of combined hatred, love, despair.  
 The soul terrified, nearly fled,  
 He fainted and sank on the bed.  
 Again in the most abject whine,  
 He calls the lady Fmeline,  
 And does the spectre close embrace,  
 But starts when he meets its pale face. 120

90 The lovely dead, it looks so cold,  
 The maniac can't it behold.

It ices all the burning brains,  
 And frosts the hot blood of the veins ;  
 It glaciates the glaring eyes :  
 Backwards he falls and lifeless lies ;  
 'Till madness housed upon the brain,  
 In thunder roar woke life again.  
 Agnes too, dreadfully appears,  
 Whom more than all the rest he fears ; 130  
 She heedless of the madman's cries,  
 In festered shroud beside him lies ;  
 She gives him her sepulchral charms,  
 And clasps him with her rotten arms.  
 Her putrifying lips emit  
 The grave's cold, clammy juices, fit  
 To be extracted by him first,  
 Of her destroyers all, the worst.  
 From him she'll now take no excuse ;  
 Imbibe he must the putrid juice ; 140  
 The matchless villain, and accurst,  
 Is forced to drink Death's nectar first.  
 Now close and closer he is prest  
 Unto her blue putrescent breast ;  
 The cold dead flesh is glued to him,  
 Lip upon lip, and limb on limb.  
 He struggles in the bed to rise  
 From the cadaver sacrifice  
 In vain, while no hand is found  
 To cut the bonds by which he's bound. 150  
 With mortal pain in ev'ry pore,  
 The victim can't suffer more.  
 Now all the victims to his lust  
 Living or dead upon him burst,

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In execrations loud, and blaze  
 Their shame and sins before his gaze.  
 Of all his crimes he sees the whole,  
 That wring with agony the soul ;  
 Who to the grieving spirit cried,  
 Better in hell than be allied 160  
 To a body of foulest crime,  
 Oh come and snap the knot of time !  
 The spirit troubled all within,  
 And hov'ring o'er the vital spring,  
 Called upon Death it to conjeal,  
 And the supplying fount to seal.  
 Then from the vile polluted shell,  
 And from the blazing human hell,  
 The soul and groaning spirit fled,  
 And Alton lay number'd with th' dead. 170  
 No acquaintance now long can stay  
 With that disgusting lump of clay :  
 Its foulness is so very strong,  
 Not even love can watch it long.  
 'Twas a beautiful, perfect whole,  
 This tabernacle of the soul ;  
 'Twas a palace the tenant wrecked,  
 And built by God, the Architect :  
 Or rather 'twas a temple built  
 For adoration not for gilt. 180  
 When I behold that body now,  
 With the dew of death on its brow,  
 And with infection on each limb,  
 I hate it while I grieve for him ;  
 For him, the scholar, who had all  
 Endowments manly, ere his fall.

'Tis now a lifeless body, tense,  
 A personified pestilence,  
 With sightless, flaring eyes and vague :  
 A beautiful imbodyed plague : 190  
 A personated angel ruined :  
 A corpse, but one disgusting wound :  
 A faithful image of decay :  
 A fast dissolving mass of clay.  
 Corruption near the grave and warm,  
 And fleshed and of a human form ;  
 Putrefaction stretched in the tomb,  
 Shaped out a man and in its bloom.  
 Such appear the remains to be  
 Of the soul of that body free : 200  
 A soul that faculties possessed,  
 All works of art to know or test ;  
 But which when they were displayed,  
 A captive of their keeper made,  
 And executioners became  
 Upon the body of the same.  
 A sentient thing unto life born,  
 That saw but a ray of the morn ;  
 That to eternity belonged---  
 A never dying creature wronged, 210  
 And by itself abused and shamed,  
 Denounced by Heaven and then arraigned :  
 An immortal soul guilty, sent  
 To everlasting banishment :  
 A dread eternal spirit bright,  
 And of almost creative might,  
 On whom damnation is pronounced,  
 By Heaven's inhabitants renounced ;

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Rejected, disowned, from them hurled,  
 Like a lost planetary world, 220  
 Tost in the vast and boundless space,  
 Seeking in vain a hiding place  
 From the Great God's avenging frown,  
 Pursued by it and speeding down  
 To the dark regions of despair,  
 With the unutterable air  
 Of a tortured fiend and accurst,  
 On whom furiously has burst  
 The overwhelming wrath outpoured,  
 And endlessly to be endured 230  
 For its willed and provoking sin :  
 A conflagration is within  
 Whose fury never can be spent,  
 Whose rage combined Archangel's strength,  
 For but a moment can arrest :  
 It burns for ever in his breast,  
 Inflamed eternally by the Lamb,  
 The outraged Emmanuel I Am.  
 Such may have been the wretched fate  
 Of that poor soul in such a state. 240

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## CANTO VII.

These scenes of mis'ry me have tired,  
Altho' repulsive, they're required,  
When seen, to speak of them the truth ;  
They may deter perhaps a youth,  
Prepared this path of vice to run :  
By signal posts we danger shun.  
Thoughtless girls they may also teach,  
When with eager hands they would reach  
And pluck down the forbidden fruit,  
Flattered to it by tempting youth. 10  
They may apprise them ere too late  
Of the shame and death that await,  
As the dessert of such repast---  
Sweet to the taste but gall ere past.  
From pictures such, I gladly go,  
A different one I see and know :  
The characters that there appear  
Cannot the eye or spirit cheer ;  
They're roughly drawn I must admit,  
And for connoisseurs most unfit. 20  
A tavern or public house I scan,  
And at the bar there sits a man ;  
What's his discourse I can't make out,  
He seems to hold a pint of stout.  
His forehead broad, half frenzied eyes,  
That glare like comets and surprise ;

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His elbowless and faded coat,  
 Denote a drunkard or a poet.  
 Let mem'ry to his dwelling hie,  
 And take from it a hue or die 30  
 Of life's minutest filaments,  
 And of its coarser ligaments,  
 That do so powerfully bind  
 The earthy body to the mind.  
 A large house this where he resides,  
 One would think splendour there presides ;  
 It seems upon its front to wear  
 A most aristocratic air ;  
 It looks so haughty, bluff and spruce,  
 It can't be for a poet's use ; 40  
 Such may be for the favoured few  
 That old Parnassus never knew ;  
 But semblance oft deceives the sight,  
 Like the sepulchre marble white.  
 Follow the man, he's at the door,  
 And staggers not to the first floor ;  
 All that can be, alas, seen there,  
 Is an uncomfortable pair  
 Of pale tailors, cross-legged and mute,  
 With their two wives that scold and bruit, 50  
 And beat their brats, perhaps a score,  
 Half starved, half naked, lank and sore.  
 This small community has got  
 To boil, to cook, to wash, one pot,  
 One fire when coals can be procured,  
 A snorting bellows to snort insured,  
 A tea-pot with a broken nose,  
 Through which bohea the vilest flows,

;

each

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A cup and saucer and a dish  
 That's rarely filled with meat or fish ; 60  
 A vet'ran tongs that lost a leg,  
 A lookingglass that looks to beg ;  
 A leaky tub almost unstaved,  
 A sweeping brush that's cleanly shaved ;  
 A dresser all in cobwebs drest,  
 Where spiders, bugs, and mice infest ;  
 Two creaking chairs of bottoms void,  
 A one legged stool oft in fights employed ;  
 Two famished beds of fetid straw,  
 And an old table all in flaw ; 70  
 Such is the furniture and the plate,  
 So many souls to accommodate.  
 The first landing now he attains,  
 But enters not the room, where reigns  
 A coffin-maker tall and pale,  
 Hammering down a rusty nail ;  
 Unwilling farther in to go,  
 It did its duty well I know  
 Unto a kindred plank, and which  
 Had been found near a grave or ditch. 80  
 The wife with colours red or black,  
 Daubs the coffins, and fills each crack,  
 With putty or potato paste,  
 And takes at intervals, a taste  
 Of whisky, gin, or porter strong,  
 To nerve her to her work and song.  
 She vows she could not, would not stare,  
 Upon grim Death's mementos there,  
 Without the spirit cheering drop,  
 Deprived of it the work did stop. 90

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60 The plastic brush forgot its art,  
 Mute was her tongue, faint was her heart.  
 'Twas against woman's nature too,  
 She said, such fearful sights to view,  
 Without a dread expelling draught :  
 Behind the husbands' back she laughed.  
 He the poor man seems very sad,  
 The times he says are getting bad ;  
 The trade he thinks begins to fail,  
 Tho' influenza does prevail. 100  
 Cholera Morbus is his cry !  
 70 Cholera, by which thousands die,  
 The man, a man, sometime, had made,  
 For by it flourished well his trade.  
 Like many of superior birth,  
 Reckless he is, if meat and mirth,  
 And money too, on him attend---  
 Such will be man to the world's end.  
 His children, half a dozen or more,  
 Scamper or sprawl upon the floor ; 110  
 Their unwashed faces overspread  
 With the black paint or dirty red ;  
 In filthy rags they pass the day,  
 Yelling or hammering away,  
 Crying for food, and what is worse,  
 Their parents', the young drunkard's curse.  
 Instinctively the urchins creep  
 To the coffins at night to sleep.  
 He has to the next story hied,  
 Whose apartments are occupied 120  
 By weavers' noisy rattling looms,  
 That screech gratingly in the rooms,

Well stocked with clam'rous children, that  
 Play tops, shuttle-cock and bat.  
 In plumages of golden green,  
 Here canary birds are seen,  
 Pouring from their thrilling throats  
 Amidst the din, their mellow notes.  
 Reeling, quilling, bobbing on,  
 The weavers' wives join in the song ; 130  
 'The weavers too take up the tune,  
 And in the concert joins each loom :  
 The treble high, the children add,  
 Scuffling, screaming, roaring mad ;  
 Harmony all producing, which  
 Would charm but the ears of a witch.  
 On Sabbath days the weavers go,  
 Religious men they are I know,  
 To church, not to show off or stare :  
 But little they have got to spare 140  
 That can allure the ladies' sight,  
 Poor men they are, and all undight ;  
 In shabby garbs and scant they're drest,  
 The pawn-broker has got their best.  
 Both together can't go to pray,  
 One remains at home half the day :  
 He durst not walk the public street,  
 No shirt he has or hat that's meet  
 Upon a Sunday to be seen :  
 He is a pris'ner and has been 150  
 For half the sabbaths of five years,  
 The sunday-morning bell he hears  
 But to remind him of distress,  
 And of immured wretchedness.

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They have but one good shirt and hat,  
 Between them both in common, that  
 They do reciprocally wear,  
 When in full dress each goes to prayer ;  
 Or takes on holidays a stroll,  
 To pour the fresh air on his soul. 160  
 Such mirth and songs beneath such care,  
 Show that elastic hearts are there ;  
 Which mis'ry can't with sorrow drown,  
 Which rise the more the more prest down :  
 Hearts lighter nature never gave,  
 They are as corks upon the wave.  
 To the third landing he has got,  
 Whose ample room he enters not ;  
 Two jolly tinkers are within,  
 With their wives, and with their offspring. 170  
 One hal the room they occupy,  
 The other does not idle lie :  
 A merry cobbler ruleth there,  
 With his apprentice squat and spare.  
 A num'rous, chirping brood surround,  
 The sallow wife half fuddled found.  
 With eloquence that flows with ease,  
 Unrivalled by Demosthenes,  
 She does harangue the tinkers' mates,  
 Whom too the gen'rous drop elates. 180  
 They reply, she retorts again,  
 All are encouraged by the men  
 To squabble, contradict, confute,  
 Now eloquence knocked down, is mute.  
 The ladies make no more replies,  
 But bloody noses and black eyes

130

140

150

Do most eloquently declare  
 A very warm debate was there.  
 They wash themselves and laugh, and then  
 They all shake hands and drink again. 190  
 The tinkers busy at their trade,  
 Repair pots, pans and tins decayed,  
 With pitchers, broken delf and crocks,  
 Snuffers, fenders, old keys and locks,  
 Pewter pints, sconces and tea-trays,  
 The holes and rents they patch and braze.  
 On they hammer from morn till night,  
 And oft for recreation fight.  
 When alcohol lights on the lip,  
 Ears, tongues and noses then they clip. 200  
 The cobblers ply their curious art,  
 To mend the sole but not the heart :  
 The cobblers, tinkers, seldom care  
 For the things that want most repair.  
 'Tis thus in trifles time is spent,  
 By the rich and the indigent.  
 Shoes here of varied size and shape,  
 Imploring to the cobblers gape,  
 With Wellington boots stiff and torn,  
 By lords, by servants, dandies worn. 210  
 Tinkers, cobblers, their merry wives,  
 With the young swarms of both the hives,  
 Drinking, roaring and in fight,  
 Screeching and buzzing with their might ;  
 Cuffing, kissing and half starved,  
 With souls so tender and so hard,  
 All tramping, hamm'ring down despair,  
 Show hearts of Irish oak are there.

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Toiling, groping in the dim light,  
 He makes his way to the fourth flight, 220  
 Where is his blest, his happy home,  
 The sacred hearth he calls his own,  
 Long as he can the landlord pay  
 Punctually, on each rent day.  
 A sickly wife of slender form,  
 Blows strong into his ears a storm  
 Of angry words when in he goes,  
 As he no money to her shows.  
 She was a milliner profest,  
 Who ere she married well had drest, 230  
 And had been courted but all in vain,  
 By many a haberdashing swain :  
 Shopkeepers of the middle class,  
 And thrifty huxters wooed the lass.  
 None could the damsel's heart intral,  
 Most cruelly she slighted all ;  
 Tho' they had been of substance good,  
 And most perfectly understood  
 The art or trade I never knew,  
 Out of a penny to make two. 240  
 She took a flight above such trash,  
 Despised their persons and their cash.  
 To fancy, that had been confined  
 Unto her thimble, she gave wind ;  
 So far it with attention flew,  
 Her needle rusted, thimble too ;  
 Her laces, ribbons caps and thread,  
 Neglected were, when care had fled.  
 Fancy returned to tell she'd be  
 Married to a man of degree. 250

Deceived was not the ardent lass,  
 Fancy's prediction came to pass.  
 'Twas of a summer's eve she went  
 To a tea-party where she spent  
 The happiest hours she ever had,  
 With a gay collegian lad.  
 Returning home with her at night,  
 The Milliner he did invite,  
 Her company with him to share,  
 In the new gardens, Rutland-square, 260  
 On the next eve, and there they met,  
 The world and its cares to forget.  
 Enchanting walks and sylvan shades !  
 To you fond youth and loving maids,  
 Each summer evening go to walk,  
 Where undisturbed of bliss they talk.  
 Here from a military band  
 Music advances, takes the hand  
 Of love, then forward lovers go,  
 With melody of hearts that know 270  
 Nought of disunion to divide,  
 Of gloomy secrets nought to hide :  
 Nought of canker grief to infect,  
 Not of coldness to disrespect ;  
 Nought of gnawing care to distress,  
 Nought of hoary crime to confess ;  
 Nought of broken hearts to reveal,  
 And of their torments nought to feel.  
 Joyous in the light of the moon,  
 They but grieve that the night, so soon 280  
 Vanishes away from the earth,  
 And with it transitory mirth.

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Here by day, blightsome children's maids  
 Coyous walk, or stand in the glades,  
 And cast lingering looks behind  
 At each gentleman they find,  
 To praise with passing word their feet,  
 Or down cast eyes, or lips so sweet.  
 And here many a one of these  
 Dear lovely creatures, oft agrees, 290  
 Gifts from the gentlemen to take,  
 Earrings, necklaces, or sweet cake.  
 Sometimes these maids learn to their cost,  
 Virtue most easily is lost :  
 For kisses given but in fun,  
 Often most serious work have done.  
 'Twas here the milliner did give  
 Her flutt'ring heart and his receive :  
 Married she was without delay,  
 To the collegian the next day. 300  
 A genteel youth of blood was he,  
 But no scholar of a degree,  
 Which to obtain he soon forgot---  
 The classics all were sent to pot.  
 His allowances, somewhat bare,  
 Did but support the happy pair,  
 In a furnished room of high rent,  
 Where but the honey-moon they spent.  
 He pressing to the father wrote  
 For a twenty or ten pound note, 310  
 College expenses to defray,  
 Two months at least before the day.  
 The father did not send a pound,  
 But came to town, and there he found,

260

270

280

From a friend, how his studious son,  
 For an optime, a girl won ;  
 She a Milliner, 'twas too bad,  
 Home he went, and without the lad.  
 The father not long after died,  
 Whose mod'rate income was supplied 320  
 From a post of honour often sought  
 By gentlemen reduced, and bought.  
 He left him not a single sous,  
 The eldest son claimed all his due.  
 Finances gone, resources drain'd,  
 Clothes pledged or sold, nought remain'd  
 But to turn out, to turn in where---  
 Aye that's the rub unto the pair.  
 Rich relatives he had, but they 330  
 To each request growl out a may,  
 Or him ridicule or abuse ;  
 Surely 'twas enough to refuse.  
 I thank my stars I have not one  
 Rich relative to call upon  
 When in distress, me to assail,  
 Or nature's blood in me to pale ;  
 To poison, blast, and deflourish,  
 The life he by right should nourish.  
 A place more suited now is found :  
 And here he is rais'd from the ground 340  
 Floor to a garret dreary, dull,  
 With white-washed face and broken scull,  
 That gives admission to the rain,  
 And wind, to dry it up again.  
 A place not unfit for him was this,  
 To read Ovid's Metamorphosis.

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A smiling youth in college gown,  
 Is changed by time and fortune's frown,  
 To a care-worn man, pale and sad,  
 And indigent and badly clad. 350  
 Of a greater change the Latin poet,  
 At least of a truer one, ne'er wrote,  
 As Roland to his grief could tell  
 When the wife's storm upon him fell.  
 His children's cries at the same time  
 For food, struck on his heart a chime,  
 Like to that a criminal hears,  
 When the dead bell sounds in his ears.  
 The father gave but scant relief--  
 From his old pocket handkerchief 360  
 He took a loaf and did divide,  
 By the last shilling 'twas supplied ;  
 The wife chid, on the children wept.  
 Affliction groaned while pity slept.



## CANTO VIII.

Thou God of wealth long is thy reign.  
Upon the earth and on the main ;  
Almost omnific is thy sway,  
Oh Plutus o'er the sons of clay.  
All nations that we yet have known,  
Have worshipped at thy diamond throne  
And future empires that shall spring,  
Thee will adore, oh thou great king !  
Upon thy throne with jewelled wand,  
Enrobed in pearls, I see thee stand, 10  
And at thy feet, with eye elate,  
Honour, prime minister of state.  
No wonder too that thou art proud,  
When to thy brilliant temple crowd  
Kings, priests, the wise, the bond and free,  
All, all run on to worship thee,  
And fight to dip the greedy hand  
In the bright golden water-stand.  
It's no wonder that it they do,  
When the fiend want does pursue, 20  
The demon of the blasting eye,  
By which his thousands daily die  
Beneath whose keen gaze Roland lay,  
Marked out the slow but certain prey.  
His children, nine, are daughters all,  
Whom classically he might call

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Clio, Thalia, Uterpe,  
 Polymnia, Melpomene,  
 Urania, Terpsichore,  
 Erato, and Calliope, 30  
 All sprung from his Mnemosyne,  
 Now changed into Tisiphone.

The garret overhead looks down  
 With gloomy brow, that seems to frown  
 Destruction to the man that dares  
 Mount up the old consumptive stairs ;  
 With no support for either hand,  
 And geometrically planned.

A sky-light, like a goliath's eye,  
 Scowls down defiance bold, on high : 40  
 Hither Roland contrives to creep---  
 Perhaps to study or to weep.

10 I'll follow just to get a peep,  
 And will write down before I sleep,  
 Altho' the hour is getting late,  
 What I see there, both small and great.  
 His chamber lone, high up and small,  
 And like the prophet's on the wall,  
 Is furnished with a little stool,  
 A table, candiestick : a pool 50

20 Of rain water flows near the bed,  
 That is on the dozed flooring spread.  
 Slips of tea-paper that announce,  
 Each held a quarter of an ounce ;  
 With newspapers, many a score,  
 Are scattered on the dusty floor,  
 And filled with poetry and blots,  
 And with numerous finger spots,

That partake of the hue of snuff,  
 And of it do smell strong enough. 60  
 Roland's profession is found out,  
 He is a poet without doubt,  
 And by stern necessity made  
 A man of the poetic trade.  
 A trade the worst of all to follow,  
 Whose gains are disappointment, sorrow :  
 Whose produce for the day or morrow,  
 May stop to beg but not to borrow.  
 Better by far to be a tailor,  
 A tinker, weaver, or a nailor, 70  
 A sweep, bookseiler, coffin-maker,  
 Better by far to be a baker ;  
 He of a crust and cup is sure,  
 His wants, a thousand times are fewer ;  
 He to a joint sits often down,  
 Seldom, a poor poet on the town.  
 Raised above the earth, Roland there,  
 Begins for study to prepare ;  
 Uncoats himself, his stock unbuckles,  
 And hits the table with his knuckles ; 80  
 As tho' summoning in the muse,  
 To get from her the latest news.  
 With eyes half closed and body bent,  
 He writes an ode unto content ;  
 Of themes the worst he could select,  
 Content the poet can't expect  
 To enjoy for many a day,  
 'Tis twelve years since it ran away.  
 On the face of the lone creature,  
 How dull seems every feature ! 90

60 He appears as tho' petrified,  
 Or a pale man marmorified.  
 In the poet's musing attitude,  
 I see none of the fire that should  
 Flame the eye, and dazzle the sight,  
 The face with inspiration light :  
 All is inanimate or still,  
 " Save the slow hand that moves the quill."  
 At the small ode three hours he wrought,  
 Finished without a brilliant thought ; 100  
 But thirty lines contained the whole  
 70 Of the outpourings of the soul.  
 An ode to famine, now 's the theme,  
 He wakes as from a troubled dream ;  
 Upon the work see him engage,  
 With a truly poetic rage ;  
 How vivid, noble is the eye,  
 When that devil it does defy.  
 With hurried step the room he walks,  
 To himself loud and fast he talks. 110  
 Through the bleak realm how fancy strides  
 80 With courage, inspiration guides.  
 To the old chair he gives a kick,  
 And then knocks down the candlestick  
 The table rickety, he slaps,  
 As quick imagination raps  
 On judgment's strong and brazen door,  
 To get admission for his store.  
 The whole man is engaged, intent,  
 Urged by the muse all prevalent ; - 120  
 All the poetry of the soul  
 90 Rolls on in flood without controul.

Throbs mightily now his swoln breast :  
 To his side the left hand is prest,  
 And high upwards raised is the right,  
 With parted lips,---'neath the sky-light,  
 Nature's own poet takes his stand  
 In the attitude of command ;  
 Like Jupiter crowned with a star,  
 Issuing to creation far, 130  
 Orders and laws that all obey,  
 But only fate, who thunders nay.  
 Poetry now to him is brought,  
 Quick, by emancipated thought.  
 To the fair maid, not long he spoke,  
 For just above his head there broke  
 Water clouds, that made him decamp  
 From the cold garret, bleak and damp.  
 Four dress caps the wife has made,  
 They're trimm'd and border'd with brocade. 140  
 Twelve shillings they may bring perhaps,  
 Too low the value of such gay caps,  
 So fashionably made, so well ;  
 The poet must take these and sell :  
 The wife can't hawk them through the town,  
 She has no decent cloak or gown.  
 The caps and odes poor Roland takes,  
 And off he sets with heart th' odes :  
 The poet ass-like cannot tell,  
 How, when or where his goods to sell. 150  
 At setting sun see him advance,  
 Under the guidance of blind chance,  
 Which to a tavern led the way ;  
 In he goes and with nought to say.

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To the fat landlady he shows  
 A cap, whose worth she fully knows.  
 She says the times are very slack ;  
 Her tills are full, silk's on her back.

A glass with a few pints of beer,  
 Is all he gets for one cap here.

160

He drinks, and let him drain the cup,  
 The parched soil is near dried up.

Another customer comes in,  
 And tosses down a glass of gin ;  
 The men she asks with funny eye,  
 If her sheep trotters they will buy.

The poet hands to her a cap,  
 For which she has not got a rap,  
 But for it made five trotters pay ;  
 She then speedily trots away.

170

An oyster wench, a handsome lass,  
 Next arrives and takes a stiff glass.

Few can refuse, she does so coax,  
 To take her oysters and her jokes.

She strokes his sleeve and now his hand :

The poet puzzled is at a stand  
 To know what is the maid about---

But strong temptation got a clout  
 When he produced a cap for sale :

The maiden flushed, again was pale.

180

The cap, after some argument,  
 For a dozen of oysters went.

A baker's wife, the next arrives,

On porter as on bread she thrives ;

A quart she drained, then turned about,

To her the last cap was held out.

She says, as she throws back the head,  
 It is too grand for one so bred ;  
 While she fingers it with surprise  
 And feign'd contempt, but wistful eyes. 190  
 She bought the cap for a brown loaf,  
 From the poetic pedling oaf.  
 Trotters, oysters, the loaf of bread,  
 He then put up and homewards sped ;  
 Calling on a house where resides  
 A lady rich who oft provides  
 For the poor destitute, but then,  
 She does it to be seen of men :  
 The lady's left hand ever knew  
 What the right was about to do. 200  
 She is a maid that won no hearts,  
 Is a promoter of the arts  
 And sciences, a patroness  
 Unto all poets in distress ;  
 Particularly to this poet  
 As I truly mean to show it.  
 When the knocker, near down he knocks,  
 A servant grand, the door unlocks,  
 Receives graciously his commands  
 And closed the door, outside he stands 210  
 Half famished in the drowning rain,  
 But to the clouds he need complain.  
 The servant does as is required,  
 And says an answer is desired.  
 The lady takes the odes and reads,  
 Her cat and lap-dog then she feeds.  
 She reads again and sips her tea,  
 Just to digest the poetry.

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A paper next she does peruse,  
 To get the fashions or the news 220  
 Of the marriages for the week ;  
 For births or deaths she'll seldom seek.  
 On the piano now she plays,  
 Then with the poker makes a blaze,  
 (The night is cold,) her shins to warm :  
 She offers up thanks that the storm  
 On her tender frame does not beat---  
 She forgets the man in the street.  
 She will nor tear the odes nor burn,  
 Nor send an answer in return : 230  
 If comp'ny at her house had met  
 Half a guinea at least he'd get :  
 200 Receives a sixpence and no more,  
 The petitioner at the door,---  
 Where he stood three hours, what of that---  
 Escorted by her dog and cat,  
 With dignity she goes up stairs,  
 Papers her hair and says her prayers ;  
 Rejoicing in the action done,  
 Of all her works, the secret one. 240  
 Ah little think the slaves of pride---  
 That glutton never satisfied :  
 210 Little they think, unpierced by cares,  
 How the heart stricken, lonely, fares.  
 Placed above want, desiring nought  
 On earth that is not quickly brought,  
 By the big mighty hand of wealth,  
 Excepting virtue, love and health.  
 The soul suicides do not think  
 Of their compeers upon the brink 250

Of ruin, where destitution drags  
 Thousands ten tho' not clad in rags,  
 More worthy of relief : because  
 They are above the beggar's laws,  
 That hospitality has made  
 By eleemosynary aid.

Say what can be the hearts of such,  
 When the fierce fire begins to touch  
 The martyrs calm, that are too proud  
 Life on base terms to be allowed ! 260

The noble feelings great in those,  
 But soul unto soul can disclose ;  
 By looks, not *by* words, they're too weak,  
 The spirits of the martyrs speak.  
 But martyrs still they are to pride  
 When the Creator is denied.

This cheerless one without delay  
 For his last home now makes his way ;  
 While for three coppers he buys tea,  
 And sugar for another three : 270

For three, eggs he buys, not enough,  
 And for the last three, he buys snuff.  
 Who when he gains his attic floor,  
 To the wife, opens out his store.  
 Then angry justice did permit  
 The tempest on her brow to sit.  
 Their joint day's work with main and might,  
 Gave but a supper for the night.  
 For the morn let them take no thought,  
 It's cares will come to them unsought. 280  
 In futurity let them lie,  
 The dreadful future is too nigh.

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Each gloomy thought I will discard,  
 A festal board should not be marred.  
 A shovel of coals the cobbler lends,  
 A rusty kettle the tinker sends,  
 A jar of water she can borrow,  
 And pay the weavers on the morrow.  
 The coffin-maker's wife gives a plate,  
 All in a crack'd and broken state, 290  
 The tailors lend the noseless pot,  
 And wonder how the tea was got.  
 She now mounts up and makes a fire ;  
 The children dance about the sire,  
 Or for the mother sing and smile,  
 Their teeth watering all the while.  
 The kettle gruff begins to sing,  
 The wife to laugh, dejected thing.  
 The odorous fumes strong arise ;  
 Glisten with joy the children's eyes. 300  
 Behold them now devour the meal,  
 What pleasure the hearts healthy feel !  
 And what hilarity is here !  
 How small the boon that oft will cheer  
 A family by want oppressed !  
 As this one, now retired to rest :  
 Save the distracted father, who,  
 With suicidal eye withdrew,  
 Having given his last embrace  
 Unto his wife, and to the face 310  
 Of each slumbering little dear,  
 His farewell kiss, and scalding tear ;  
 The iron entered to his soul,  
 As he thus left and bless'd the whole !

Then hastily he upwards went,  
 And grasp'd the murd'rous instrument.  
 A corpse he was before the dawn---  
 The knife across his throat was drawn.



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## CANTO IX.

With bleeding wing, disordered plume,  
Mem'ry spirit bird flies the gloom  
Of mourning, poverty and woe ;  
From whose abode I let her go,  
To a mansion of the great,  
Where riches surely must create  
Love and peace, and content and joy,  
With no particle of alloy.  
If there, happiness can't be found---  
For it I must look under ground :                   10  
In a cellar I may meet it,  
I am waiting long to greet it.  
The man that has it, I'll respect :  
The maid that knows it, I'll select  
From all the maids I ever knew,  
To love, admire and honour too ;  
I'll worship her not as the French,  
Who adored a notorious wench.  
The edifice I now survey,  
Looks splendid, flaunt, and proud and gay, 20  
A building of a noble mien,  
A fabric suited for a queen ;  
If a queen willed here to reside---  
The grandeur is so great inside.  
At the hall door is a sedan,  
From which limps out a gouty man ;

Deeply care-furrowed is the face  
 Of the noble lord of the place.  
 As he goes in, a coach and four  
 Furiously approach the door ; 30  
 A lady middle aged and stout,  
 And her sweet daughter fair, drop out,  
 With her brother, the sole male heir,  
 Of the gouty lord that is there.  
 The father, mother, daughter, son,  
 All with hearts most discordant come,  
 To the splendid large drawing room,  
 Richly carved, and breathing perfume :  
 If trouble black can make these sad,  
 Where can bright happiness be had. 40  
 The silence first the father breaks,  
 And coughs painfully as he speaks ;  
 Now from the son, hear him demand  
 In tones paternal, of command,  
 How he durst foolishly presume  
 To refuse the rich lady, whom  
 He wisely destined for his bride,  
 And who so nobly was allied.  
 The son replies, " she is too old,  
 And her noble blood is too cold ; 50  
 A commoner's daughter, Sir, will do,  
 Tho' not rich, she's young and pretty too ;  
 She has my word, then come what will,  
 That word to her I must fulfil."  
 Now on the father's face is found  
 A rainbow hue that clouds surround ;  
 Suddenly, quick up to the nose,  
 The gout from his big toe arose,

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As tho' 'twas stung and made to smart  
By pride, the viper on the heart.

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20

On the dame's face there's also seen,  
A raging sea's dark blue and green,  
Commingling, waving, driving on,  
By the loud roaring tempest strong.  
Both on the son with anger flew,  
Who from the hurricane withdrew.

The daughter now receives her share  
Of tender and parental care ;

Questioned she is by her mamma,  
And cross-examined by her pa,

70

40

Why she the Marquis would not wed,  
Or why she loved an army bred  
Officer, whose sword and whose kit,  
Made an equipage most unfit.

Fifty winters the lord had seen :

The lovely damsel was eighteen :

The handsome officer, and young,

In twenty summers up had sprung :

His budding honour was as bright,

80

As the sword he'd wield in the fight,  
When summoned by his country's laws,

50

To battle in their sacred cause.

The lord, Matilda will not choose ;

The father, mother, now abuse,

Coax and threaten, and reprimand,

Caress and brow-beat, and command ;

They maltreat her and cajole.

Firm in the purpose of her soul,

The maid endeavours to sustain

Upon her heart the load of pain ;

90

And struggles to prevent, oppose,  
 What they would cruelly impose.  
 What can she do ? will she persist ?  
 Their entreaties can she resist ?  
 Their menaces can she endure,  
 Can nought her terrify, or allure ?  
 In the attack they persevere,  
 She has not one to interfere ;  
 There's no commiserating eye,  
 And no friend, and no saviour nigh. 100  
 Ships, wars elemental strand :  
 A woman frail, can she withstand,  
 The stormy tongues that her assail ?  
 Say can she weather out the gale ?  
 The mother is to her most dear ;  
 The father too she does revere.  
 All her sobs and tears, and her wail,  
 With the parents cannot prevail.  
 Youthful, dutiful, and devout,  
 What can the maiden be about ? 110  
 The combat why does she prolong ?  
 When all her claims are proved wrong.  
 'Tis love, the first love of the heart,  
 Which woman but with death will part,  
 That nerves the creature to sustain,  
 The mountain hot of fiercest pain.  
 'Tis the first love of woman's soul,  
 Which not e'en herself can controul ;  
 And which nor perfidy, nor hate,  
 Can from her heart obliterate. 120  
 'Tis rooted there, whole in each part,  
 In all the fragments of the heart,

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By perjury and anguish torn,  
And all disconsolate and lorn.

Smite it with blight, cannot despair,  
Till death it grows and blossoms there.

'Tis the love to the man display'd

By the first woman that was made :

When as she rose up from the ground

But one man in the garden found.

130

100

Of all her love he had the first,

In Paradise and when accurst.

Matilda's love just such I call,

And the officer had it all.

Young love in vain would try to rest

On an old apathetic breast,

As soon congenially might

The frosted icicle unite

With a bright burning coal of fire :

So opposed is young and old desire.

140

110

The faithful girl griev'd and depress'd,

Leaves the astonish'd parents vexed.

The dinner-bell sounds in the ear,

A bell I always like to hear,

It gives sensations of delight

When I hear it, but not at night.

The family at the table meet,

And take their places, not to eat,

Tho' all is seen that can invite

And give edge to blunt appetite.

150

120

Fish, flesh, and fowl of varied kind,

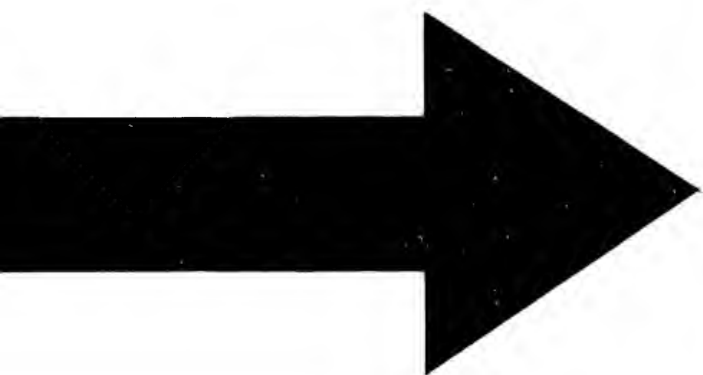
The choicest luxury can find ;

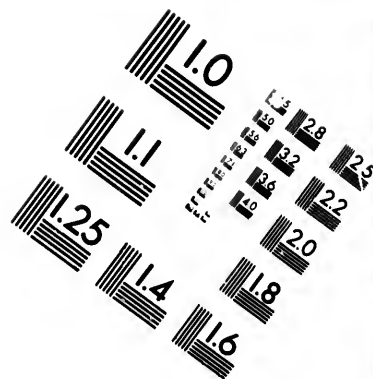
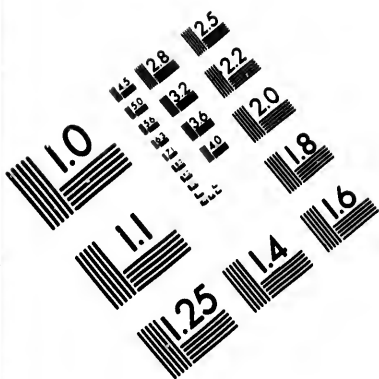
Dumplings, puddings, tarts, custards, pies,

Blanch-mange and sweet wines tempt the eyes

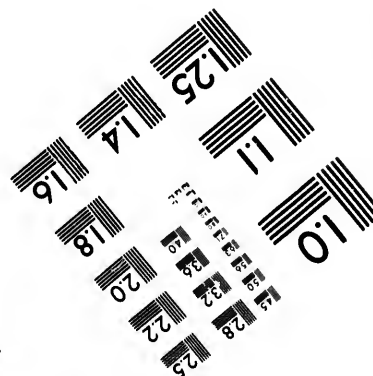
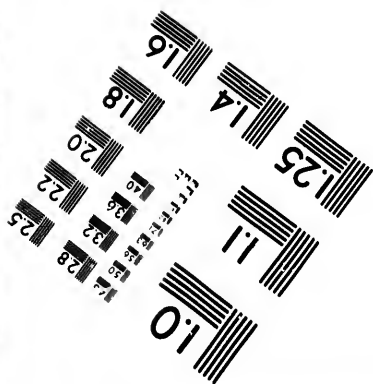
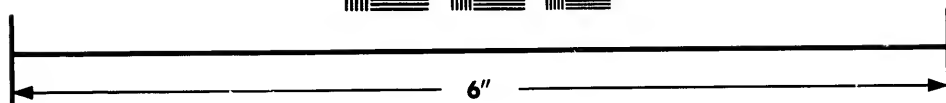
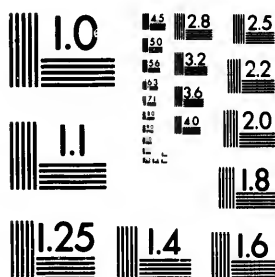








**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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In vain, of each sad or angry face :  
 They can neither eat, nor say grace.  
 Cold etiquette alone is there,  
 Where fondness, smiling looks should wear ;  
 Where parental love should have been,  
 There is disunion and chagrin. 160  
 Draw near ye poor, yourselves apply  
 Unto the bountiful supply ;  
 Come let you eat and drink until  
 You have of ev'ry good your fill.  
 I'd let you eat and drink away,  
 Of fare sumptuous ev'ry day,  
 Was it in my power—but alas,  
 All I can give you is a glass  
 Of water cold, which never can  
 Content, appease a hungry man. 170  
 Would you have of this lordly board,  
 With viands in profusion stored,  
 On these conditions, very queer ?  
 You should not touch a morsel here,  
 Until first your hearts you exchanged,  
 With the family here arranged.  
 But few of you I think indeed,  
 To the conditions would accede.  
 Perhaps a Roland might agree,  
 Impelled by mortal agony. 180  
 Give me but a contented mind ;  
 From fellow man a word that's kind ;  
 Give me the crust that I can earn  
 For ev'ry day, I will not yearn  
 After the rich man's goods, for they  
 Too often set the soul astray,

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And produce cares that equipoise  
 All his sublunary light joys.  
 If rich men's hearts the poor could see,  
 Fully contented they might be. 190  
 But not contented do appear,  
 The rich, noble family here :  
 In the dark stilly hours of rest,  
 Doubts, fears and pains are in each breast.  
 The gout, the noble lord has caught,  
 Perhaps by dissipation brought ;  
 Gout, him confines and racks with pain :  
 The perspiration drops like rain.  
 He turns and writhes upon a bed,  
 Curtained, canopied overhead 200  
 With rich damasks, fine silks and lawn :  
 There he tosses until the dawn  
 Of morn, restless, his pains increased  
 By those who should torment him least.  
 Better to be a beggar, than  
 This great and tortured nobleman ;  
 Better the poorest wretch in health,  
 Than this proud lord of so much wealth ;  
 Better to sleep down in a ditch,  
 Than to bed like him and be rich. 210  
 Better for life to beg for bread,  
 And with no place to lay the head ;  
 And better a wanderer too,  
 In foreign lands without a sous,  
 Without resources, and without  
 A friend, on the world a cast-out.  
 Better to be all, than be him,  
 In soul contorted and in limb ;

Whose children rebels, now are wont  
 To point the pains that they should blunt. 220  
 They can't help ; nature would allay  
 His griefs, but not his voice obey.  
 Then too, pains of the heart afflict,  
 Where duty stern and love conflict ;  
 A match unequal to be sure,  
 For cuffs many, love can endure,  
 And struggle stout to gain the field  
 By faith sacred, sworn not to yield.  
 In Matilda it won the day ;  
 The Ensign with her ran away, 230  
 While o'er them expectation bright  
 Hovered, to perch, and then took flight.  
 Promotion scant the soldier got :  
 Black disappointment was his lot.  
 A family large now surround  
 The dying husband, father, found  
 Stretched on a pallet made of straw ;  
 A meaner one I never saw,  
 Nor one so ill supplied with clothes.  
 Tis too unseemly I suppose, 240  
 An officer there should repose,  
 In peaceful life, and at the close  
 Of his once promising career.  
 To the dying man I draw near,  
 (Labouring the tears to repel,  
 To take of him my last farewell.  
 The countenance, of Grecian cast,  
 Is military to the last,  
 Tho' misery, care, grief and pain,  
 On it for tedious months have lain. 250

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At his bed the afflicted kneel.  
 A Curate does the book unseal,  
 And offer up devoutly there,  
 For the sick officer a prayer,  
 For him who won but honour's wreath. - -

A regiment marching underneath  
 His window, with its tramp abrupt,  
 Did awhile the prayer interrupt.

The cheering tones of music lent  
 Strength to the dying Lieutenant : 260

230

He raised himself upon the bed,  
 And soldier-like held up his head.  
 One of the stirring martial airs  
 Of England, mingled with the prayers  
 Of the minister, now he hears ;  
 They were the last sound in his ears.  
 Courage and love his eye-balls lit,  
 As by victor death he was smit.

240



250

## CANTO X.

Upon affliction's wretched bed,  
How changed is that soldier dead ;  
How altered he appears to be,  
From himself, in war's panoply !  
Almost better that he had lain,  
Upon the field of glory slain.  
Then heavy cares would not him bow,  
Nor burning thoughts have sear'd his brow ;  
Nor have oppress'd and deeper mark'd  
Of his poor family, each heart ;                   10  
Of fickle fortune now the sport ;  
Who will protect or it support ?  
The Curate alone is their resource :  
To him alone they have recourse  
For the pittance, life to sustain,  
And which he gives and gets again  
What no earthly power can suppress,  
A lasting, holy happiness.  
Untrumpeted he goes about,                   20  
Poverty and pain to seek out,  
Which abound in every street,  
But seldom aid or pity meet.  
With but one hundred pounds a year,  
The ' man of Ross' scarce is his peer.  
How great the good he does to all,  
That for relief upon him call.

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Of that salary he lays bye  
 Fifty pounds, that idle, long to lie  
 In his coffers are not decreed :

Fifty families are relieved. 30

With kind words he does them console,  
 He's a physician of the soul.

Ah little think the wealthy great,  
 Of the bitter heart-rending fate  
 Of those that are of friends bereft,  
 In poverty and sickness left :

Unrecognised in indigence ;

And that perhaps had opulence,  
 Ere fell misfortune without call,  
 Had battered down the brazen wall. 40

Too little think the haughty proud,  
 With superfluous wealth endowed,  
 Of all the evils that are loosed,  
 By distress, and superinduced  
 By events over which the soul,  
 Can't stretch her vision of controul.

Possessing all that wealth can give,  
 They little think, or scarce believe

Whom superabundance cannot fill,  
 How small's the gratuity that will 50

Solace and succour, and maintain,  
 The heart in poverty and pain.

A contribution of ten pounds,  
 Got by the Curate in his rounds,  
 This family from death has saved,  
 And buried the man that had braved  
 Him, in many fights, many a storm,  
 But could not brave him in the form

Of poverty. I here declare,  
 My last shilling I will not spare,  
 When I see a soldier poor, in want,  
 The brave heart poverty must not daunt.  
 But if he's dead, then for his sake,  
 Of the boon the wife shall partake.  
 And why ? a soldier's son am I,  
 This is my reason and reply.  
 But not the Curate's, I am sure :  
 Alike to him are all the poor ;  
 Discrimination nought he makes ;  
 Each of them equally partakes  
 Of all his wealth, alike receives,  
 Grateful, the blessings that he breathes.  
 The man, may fortune not forget !  
 Oh may he be a bishop yet !  
 A head more meritorious ne'er,  
 Did the prelatie mitre wear.  
 Its descent long would'nt be delay'd,  
 If an archbishop I was made.  
 But I nor covet nor desire,  
 To be so blest : nor do aspire  
 To the honours, emoluments  
 Of those Memory represents,  
 A levee going to attend,  
 In hacks and coaches without end.  
 Slow the procession winds its way  
 To the castle ; but outside may  
 Spectators stand to hoot or cheer,  
 The vehicles advancing near.  
 Now the regal lord lieutenant,  
 Receives not his parliament :

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60 It, his two eyes shall not behold,  
 Until the days, as I am told,  
 Britannia shall cease to reign  
 The queen dominant of the main.  
 He graciously receives, I say,  
 Archbishops venerably grey,  
 Bishops and lords, both high and low,  
 Gen'ral and officers also ;  
 Judges, with lawyers too, I see,  
 And from the university, 100  
 The fellows, with their grave proctor ;  
 70 I see many a pale doctor---  
 These last indeed, may be well allow'd,  
 Particularly in such a crowd.  
 There go deans, merchants, and again,  
 A good sprinkling of clergymen :  
 A few shop-keepers, too, contrive,  
 To fly with the swarm to the hive.  
 The wise, the rich, the great of the land,  
 Before the vice-regal ruler stand. 110  
 He smiles as they do lowly bow,  
 80 And slowly pass on, to allow  
 Others, as humbly they advance,  
 From him to get a smile or glance.  
 An assembly most brilliant this :  
 It seems to enjoy perfect bliss.  
 A smile every face has got,  
 A compliment each tongue has caught,  
 The man to flatter or caress,  
 Who fills the chair of happiness. 120  
 Had I an eye their hearts to ken,  
 90 And the recording Angel's pen,

I'd write a book that would instruct  
 Better than novels, that conduct  
 Unto the heart at which they peep,  
 But pierce not its recesses deep.  
 Proof against each deceptive look,  
 I would write for the world a book,  
 That infallibly would embrace  
 Each secret, veiled by ev'ry face, 130  
 Of envy, jealousy and hate,  
 Which no good man could contemplate,  
 Or survey not half of the whole  
 Without humility of soul.  
 Secrets that never should---but no,---  
 The levee is dismissed ; all go  
 To the carriages, coaches, hacks,  
 The drivers with oaths and loud whacks,  
 Force the horses ' to get along'  
 Through the dense and opposing throng. 140  
 Now through the streets the horses rush,  
 And the passengers, daub or brush  
 With puddle, who can only curse,  
 Or bless themselves it is no worse.  
 The heavens roar, the black clouds teem,  
 The horses plunge, the women scream.  
 Now Essex bridge incessant groans,  
 And Carlisle bridge takes up the tones.  
 The Queen's, too, chimes in with the rest,  
 And bloody bridge with consumptive chest. 150  
 Crazy windows take up the song ;  
 While tiles and slates are blown upon  
 Some unhoused and unhappy wight--  
 On a rich one they seldom light.

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The floods of rain now lutulent,  
 Is splashed on ev'ry side, or sent  
 To black wash the poor scavengers.  
 Shortly coaches and passengers,  
 Ladies and dandies disappear ;  
 These more than those the showers fear. 160  
 Apple women fly like the wind,  
 Their slippers clapping smart behind ;  
 Cake venders, show-men, and likewise  
 Ballad singers, grinders of knives,  
 Shoe-blacks, cobblers that have no stall,  
 Jades, that cabbages loudly bawl ;  
 Fish-women, whose fish now might swim,  
 Pie criers, whose pies to the brim,  
 Are more filled with rain than with meat,  
 Hawkers, cripples, take to their feet ; 170  
 Confusion in the city reigns  
 And uproar " bothers " all its brains.  
 Most of those trudge on, run and hie,  
 To the public houses to dry  
 Themselves by the bright big coal fires,  
 That in them kindle new desires,  
 Flaming desires, but half suppress,  
 That smolder to consume the breast :  
 They think it right, the outside wet,  
 That the inside a drop should get. 180  
 Dram after dram swift irrigates  
 Their hearts, while reason moderates  
 Not the fierce scalding rising flood.  
 It is said that the human blood  
 Healthy and unimpeded flows  
 Between two currents that oppose.

Whether such be the case or not,  
 I cannot tell, nor care a jot ;  
 Let profound doctors if they list,  
 Or some wise pharmacopolist, 190  
 Unbiased by the Mathewites,  
 Judge for the brandy appetites,  
 That now do appear to possess  
 The crown of virtue, happiness.  
 But hear them scold and see them fight !  
 Bah ! I turn away from the sight.  
 In taverns happiness is not ;  
 It may be in a cellar got.  
 I'll enter one and search it well,  
 To try if those that there do dwell 200  
 Have got it, good ! I will be bound  
 Ne'er again to live overground.  
 A goodly cellar I espy,  
 That's to the under house an eye ;  
 Two sign boards here salute that eye,  
 Upon one is " good lodgings dry,"  
 On the other a round of beef  
 Is painted out in bold relief ;  
 The damask rosy coloured meat  
 Allures, the passengers to eat. 210  
 The top flag or first step is found  
 With a basket of wet greens crown'd,  
 On which all sickly and decayed,  
 Rests a sieve of eggs two months laid.  
 Soup, pigs' legs and leeks are below,  
 With onions, herrings neat in row.  
 Some jovial souls below appear,  
 Very intent upon their cheer.

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Four ballad singers loud rejoice,  
 Songsters of ev'ry tone of voice. 220  
 By day, the city they delight,  
 190 Here they rejoice themselves by night  
 On *scaltheen*---that's boiled whisky, which  
 Sugar, butter, and spice enrich.  
 The throat it mellows sweet they say,  
 And makes the lungs more freely play :  
 A specimen of which they show  
 That can't be doubted, here below.  
 To render justice each one means,  
 To the fat bacon and the greens. 230  
 The screeching rashers on the pan,  
 200 Determinedly ev'ry man  
 Attacks, swallows and drowns in beer :  
 There's no reserve nor shyness here ;  
 United, of one sentiment,  
 On mastication they're intent.  
 In fellowship all swallow fast.  
 Salt-herrings finish the repast,  
 With toughest ling ten times as salt---  
 Herrings and ling now swim in malt. 240  
 What a fine contrast here I see,  
 210 'Tween these and the lord's family :  
 Apollo's sons now sing and drink,  
 Nor of their toils a moment think ;  
 In jollity, cares are forgot,  
 Say can happiness here be got ?  
 It might---had not the master come  
 Home drunk, and noisy as a drum.  
 At his good woman first he flies,  
 She scratches in defence, his eyes. 250

He tears her cap and kicks her sound,  
 What a hubbub is under ground !  
 Such sport cannot for life be missed  
 By each drunken sweet vocalist.  
 The ballad singers join the strife,  
 And like gentlemen back the wife.  
 It is an Irishman's delight,  
 For the sake of the fun to fight.  
 A wooden leg one does unstrap,  
 And gives the husband many a rap ;       260  
 Another drinker still, and blind,  
 The sieve of eggs by chance does find ;  
 He whirls it round his head and squalls,  
 The eggs fly out and daub the walls,  
 Or soil the beds, while each one hides  
 From the circle that he describes.  
 The combatants avoid or flee  
 The dangerous proximity.  
 Another drunken vocalist,  
 The strong temptation can't resist ;       270  
 He has no arms, yet takes a part,  
 If not with hand, at least with heart ;  
 Conspicuous he's in the fight,  
 Lustily he can kick and bite.  
 So drunk is the remaining one,  
 He hasn't a leg to stand upon.  
 In a tub of suds down he's thrown  
 And he snorts like a porpoise blown ;  
 He sings, well moistened with the souce,  
 " There is na luck about the house."       280  
 With prowess and with main and might  
 Long do the fuddled champions fight.

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They stop for breath, the fight's renewed,  
 Till blackened, blooded too, and blued,  
 Fatigue near spent breaks up the match,  
 They can nor kick nor bite nor scratch :  
 But they can drink a little more,  
 And would again fight as before,  
 Did not peace maker sleep advance  
 To draw off the drunk combatants. 290  
 And now they soundly snore as tho'  
 They neither gave nor got a blow.  
 Heedless, oblivious of the past,  
 They snore away, (in peace at last,)  
 In coarse black canvass sheets and damp,  
 Fit to give a rheumatic cramp.  
 Sheets that may have been washed but four  
 Times annually and not more :  
 Like those in many a hotel,  
 And sprinkled weekly, ironed well ; 300  
 But scenting rarely soap, and which  
 Oft to travellers give the itch  
 Or lumbago, for a keepsake,  
 With other things I'd fain not take.

260

270

280

## CANTO XI.

The inmates now with blushing morn,  
Begin their persons to adorn ;  
'Mong whom there's none so busy there  
As the mistress with clotted hair,  
Swoln eyes and lips, and dotted face ;  
The night spots she tries to efface.  
She then displays her greens and store  
Of eatables, all bruised sore.  
Her eggless sieve she loud laments ;  
The eyeless man too late repents. 10  
Sorry they're all when 'tis too late :  
Thus with a kingdom or a state :  
Broils are begun and war is waged ;  
To fight to the death they're engaged.  
Then when the battle fierce is o'er,  
After thousands lie in their gore,  
The kingdom proud or boasting state  
Laments the cause of all their hate.  
This cellar drunken row I'm sure  
Of war is a miniature. 20  
A miniature of apery,  
In the cellar-woman too I see :  
She wears a flashy gown of red,  
Like the baker's wife overhead.  
The baker's wife just imitates  
The rich grocer's wife that she hates.

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The grocer's wife presumes to ape  
 The merchant's wife in gown and shape.  
 The merchant's wife the pattern gets  
 From the lawyer's wife, who forgets        30  
 Not to copy unto the pin,  
 The judge's wife in every thing.  
 The judge's wife the model takes  
 From the earl's wife, who ever makes  
 The duke's great wife her archetype  
 In fashion, and who will not wipe  
 Her lips, nor clean her nose, without  
 Identic hue of rag or clout.  
 The duke's wife by some lucky chance,  
 Gets from a tailor's wife in France,        40  
 The specimen that all follow  
 And from one another borrow.  
 A life of apery is led  
 By feet, by body, and by head,  
 From the grand duchess down unto  
 The kitchen maid, whom lackeys woo ;  
 By fashion all are swayed, that oft,  
 Has been fashioned out in a loft.  
 But the fashion of doing good,  
 And known by all and understood,        50  
 Yet as tho' it they never knew,  
 Is followed but by very few.  
 Among the few is Caroline,  
 Whose gems in darkness brighter shine ;  
 The gems of love and mercy bright  
 On gloomy want that fling their light.  
 While many ladies take their sport  
 At balls, masquerades, and the court ;

10

20

At *rouge et noir*, cards, dominos,  
 At horse racing and the Lord knows 60  
 At how many things, they're so great,  
 One half I can't enumerate.—  
 Lady Caroline ev'ry day  
 Does visits to the wretched pay ;  
 She for the broken hearted feels,  
 And she the broken hearted heals.  
 She deems poverty no reproach,  
 Nor spurns it from her door or porch.  
 She clothes, she feeds, she gives advice,  
 And all she thinks that can suffice 70  
 The miserable soul to joy,  
 Which but for her want might destroy.  
 She gives but to obtain the more ;  
 She parts, but for a richer store ;  
 She helps, succour divine to get,  
 From one who ne'er deserted yet.  
 She bends the lower, to mount up higher ;  
 Earth's her home, but heaven's her desire.  
 Her alms unblazoned and unheard,  
 In Heaven's high court are registered, 80  
 And by the hand of Charity,  
 Before the throne of Majesty,  
 Surrounded by Archangels veiled,  
 Angels, Saints, Martyrs that prevailed  
 O'er the terrors of burning death,  
 And who defied its fiery breath.  
 All hear from the eternal throne  
 The word before creation known ;  
 The voice of Great Jehovah's son,  
 Which fills the Heav'ns, saying, Well done 90

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60 Thou good and faithful servant, thou  
 Hast laid up thy treasure now,  
 Which nor moth nor rust shall destroy,  
 Which after death thou shalt enjoy.  
 What treasures after death shall gain  
 The man, whom Memory would fain  
 Not present to the public view---  
 But I must give each one his due.  
 And there he is, retired at night,  
 In a closet, where the faint light 100  
 Of a half-penny candle, just  
 Shows him his heap of yellow dust :  
 70 And by it he can dimly trace  
 The old furniture of the place,  
 Which comprises a musty chest,  
 A flock-bed and it vilely drest ;  
 A superannuated chair,  
 And a table antique, that there  
 Boasts of a jug of water cold,  
 With a brown loaf all full of mould, 110  
 And difficult to masticate :  
 80 A staler loaf could not be eat,  
 Or exhibited to the sight,  
 By the artful Gibeonite.  
 Beside the loaf the Miser stands,  
 On which he places both his hands ;  
 Then draws back, as if afraid,  
 To plunge in it the rusty blade.  
 Now he advances, now recedes,  
 His heart for what he must do, bleeds. 120  
 He vowed from the loaf to refrain  
 His jaws, until starvation came.

Famishing want threatening now,  
 Compels him to perform his vow.  
 With trembling hands he seems to touch  
 That loaf, with sorrow too as much  
 As was by Jephtha once displayed,  
 When he would sacrifice the maid.  
 The Miser giving it a hug,  
 Hacks off a piece, then in the jug 130  
 Of water for hours it he steeps,  
 At which he sorrowfully peeps.  
 The loaf diminished he surveys,  
 Which on his hand he often weighs,  
 And views with anguish and affright,  
 That it, alas, should be so light.  
 With scraggy face and lynxean eye,  
 That ne'er was raised to the Most High,  
 In rags, a beggar might discard,  
 Which hang on limbs all shrunk and starv'd, 140  
 At the old chest, behold him there,  
 In the meek attitude of prayer.  
 But he kneels untired to count o'er,  
 His idolized and golden store.  
 Ten times he counts, and ten times more,  
 Till the bones of his knees are sore.  
 All he grieves for there should be lost,  
 A candle that such money cost.  
 He loads himself with yellow clay,  
 That wings itself and flies away. 150  
 Oft out of his affrighted sleeps  
 Timidly unto it he creeps ;  
 Timorously he feels the whole,  
 To ascertain if aught be stole.

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All the nocturnal sounds he hears,  
Are depredators in his ears.

A watch the wretch must ever keep,  
By day, by night in troubled sleep ;  
Neither peace he enjoys nor rest,  
Disquietude is in his breast. 160

130

And yet the miser well does know,  
In other veins his blood does'nt flow :  
If it did, 'tis no reason yet,  
Why he, should thus himself forget.  
With few ties to the world, unknown,  
Some needy relatives alone,  
He has, full of good nature ! they  
For his death most devoutly pray.

A housekeeper upon him waits,  
A servant of all work, that hates 170  
A breakfast, dinner, hot to see,  
In niggardliness they agree.

l,140

She's more unkind and surly too,  
Than the famed witch of Endor, who,  
Killed a fat calf, perhaps her best,  
To entertain her royal guest.

The housekeeper oft represents,  
To the miser all his expense 180  
In fuel, soap, and candle-light,  
In Sunday dinners, that are quite

150

A treat, and not to be forgot,  
They are so savoury and hot.  
Rank lard, a hard crust, and a leek,  
A pinch of salt and a lean steak,  
The cheapest, coarsest carrion meat  
That butchers sell or dogs do eat,

Make up a dinner stint and stale,  
 All whose expense she would curtail.  
 Her thriftiness the miser lauds :  
 Cursed is the butcher that defrauds. 190  
 He rails loud at the chandler too,  
 So dear his candles, not his blue.  
 The coal merchant he does not spare ;  
 The milk man comes in for his share.  
 With imprecations too he speaks  
 Of the woman that cried the iEEKs,  
 Of the baker, of ev'ry one  
 To whom his cash, tho' small, had gone.  
 Such profusion he's griev'd to see !  
 The housekeeper's prodigality 200  
 He ill rewards, by adding still  
 Another thousand to the will.  
 She's heiress to most of his pelf,  
 For famishing him and herself.  
 I would'nt be as that cursed man,  
 For all the wealth the Andes can  
 Disembowel, no, not for all  
 That sparkles on or in this ball  
 Of earth--possessor of the whole,  
 I would'nt be with that miser's soul : 210  
 Whose troubled mind I would not take  
 With an archangel's might and make :  
 Nor tho' throughout creation sent,  
 Heaven's acknowledged vicegerent.  
 The supreme honour I'd refuse,  
 And with humility would choose  
 The lowest rank of life to fill,  
 With a mind at peace, and a will

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That could love, and that ever could,  
 Do to my fellow man some good. 220  
 How great the good that man may do,  
 That I read of and never knew.  
 Should he succeed in his great plan,  
 A blessing 'twill confer on man,  
 And upon none so much as thee,  
 Proud England, Regent of the sea.  
 Henson, thy æronautic car,  
 May transport nations from afar,  
 To Britain's now defenceless shore,  
 Her navy can't avail her more. 230  
 The Russ, high in the air above,  
 Pounces, like a hawk on a dove,  
 Upon the unprotected breast  
 Of the queen island of the West.  
 The Prussians, Austrians, the French,  
 Now her long acquired treasures wrench.  
 The Yankees propelled through the air,  
 With eagle wing, souse swiftly there.  
 Not calculating o'er the prey,  
 The ladies fair they bear away. 240  
 Then Ireland too in ærial car,  
 Bright England, will thy beauty mar :  
 With indignation she will come,  
 And mercilessly kick thy bum.  
 Those infidels, the Turkish dogs,  
 Will take thy wives, but not thy hogs,  
 They're for the Cossac, who alas,  
 Wont leave in thee a blade of grass.  
 The North and South, the West and East,  
 Like birds of prey, speed to the feast. 250

190

200

210

Magnificent London, sad art thou,  
 In thy dreadful visitation now.  
 Utter destruction is thy doom !  
 Thou art but one capacious tomb !  
 In evil hour is come on thee,  
 Jerusalem calamity !  
 Thy honourable of the earth,  
 Do hear no more the laugh of mirth ;  
 For evermore in thee is mute,  
 The bag-pipes, fiddle and the flute. 260  
 Thy brothels and thy taverns now,  
 No dancer hear or drunken row.  
 Newgate's strong chains forbear to clank,  
 In the dark dreary dungeons dank.  
 The guardian Angel of Bow-street,  
 Has taken to his wings or feet.  
 Police, unmindful of their trust,  
 Now let their shining buttons rust.  
 No jolly sailor here is seen,  
 Chanting, " Were you in Aberdeen." 270  
 Coal-porters now, with heavy load,  
 Don't whip their horses, and don't goad.  
 No more poor lads, you'll swallow down,  
 White bread and cheese, and porter brown.  
 Thy dandy slim and sleek fair belle,  
 For slaves, the Southern States now sell.  
 Thy lordly sons with white small hands,  
 Now sink canals in foreign lands.  
 Thy ladies drest in coarsest stuff,  
 Sell tripes, tobacco, fish and snuff ; 280  
 See them in Boston and New York,  
 Cry oysters, and spruce beer uncork.

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Thy judges, senators elite,  
 With each proud lord and courtly knight,  
 Toil in the Mississippi's flood,  
 Knee deep they shovel up the mud.  
 Thy merchants too, bowed down with cares,  
 Are became pedlars of small wares.  
 Lord Brougham, Wellington and Peel,  
 Stern Stanley, opposed to repeal, 290  
 With lord Lyndhurst, in robes and wig,  
 260 Potatoes now in Kerry dig.  
 Whilst the poor Queen, knits as she begs,  
 Grey stockings for O'Connel's legs.  
 Oh Londer, is it come to this,  
 That snakes should in thy bosom hiss !  
 That toads and lizards should be found,  
 Where art and beauty did abound !  
 Poor Billingsgate is kicked out hence,  
 A fatal kick to eloquence ! 300  
 Shrouded is the face of St. Giles,  
 270 Now smoke and sut shade all her smiles.  
 In the House of Commons do not stare,  
 A big rat now fills the speaker's chair !  
 Whilst in the other august house,  
 The woolsack glories in a mouse !  
 With cocked up tail, erect the head,  
 He wonders where the lords have fled.  
 A view I now take of St. Pauls ;  
 And there the loathsome reptile crawls. 310  
 Shades cenotaphed or not arise,  
 280 Near a gen'ral the reptile lies ;  
 If you don't put it forth without,  
 'Twill crawl into the gen'ral's mouth.

My fancy, now Westminster shocks,  
It is so full of worms and clocks.

I would be disgusting more to say,  
The spueamish muse now flies away.  
With desolation on thy brow,  
London thou art but ruins now !  
All left of thee beneath the sun,  
Is as the corpse of Babylon !

320



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## CANTO XII.

320

Oh fancy dear, thou giddy thing,  
Why do you thus so oft take wing ?  
With the tired muse why dost thou roam,  
And so far away from thy home ?  
Like a king, captive, wrung with pain,  
Indignant thou dost shake the chain :  
And now, by chance no guard before,  
Swift thou hast burst the prison door.  
When Reason, monarch of the mind,  
Laid down his crown repose to find ;       10  
And judgment pestered all the day,  
On his tribunal sleeping lay :  
Then Fancy rapidly took flight,  
Unto that spirit of the night,  
Whose province it is to command,  
Bright lovely dreams of fairy land.  
From it to me, a dream unsought,  
Was by the joyful rambler brought.  
A bard descended from the sky  
And stood before the mental eye :       20  
Fair was his face but pale and sad,  
And glorious was the eye he had ;  
A look of grandeur had his mien,  
But discontent in him was seen.  
Profoundest awe by me was felt  
As to the spirit bard I knelt.

'Twas Poetry's own darling child,  
Who had on him so sweetly smiled,  
And gave to him so large a share  
Of her maternal sleepless care.

30

'Twas in the hours of gloomy night  
She nurtured him and with delight,  
Until he was entranced ; and then  
He sung her sweetest songs to men  
In vain, when his harsh critics say,  
Scarcely original is a lay.

They declare, and perhaps with truth,  
He was a deist in his youth ;  
And critically they decide,  
A deist the unhappy died.

40

And England also thought the same,  
When closed the temple of her fame  
Against his dust, and then she said,  
" Here only lie---the righteous dead."  
Grief-slaughtered and ill used bard !  
Thee from thy fame thy foes would discard.

Alive, harsh things of thee they said,  
And harsher things of thee, when dead.

" He was a deist," That's the rub ;  
So was Swift when he hooped his tub :  
So was blind Homer begging bread,  
And so was Virgil, courtly fed.

50

" He was a plagiarist I wot,"  
And of modern bards who is not ?  
His poems, if we except the rhyme,  
Have the beautiful and sublime ;  
A loose thought in them oft is found,  
Like a weed in luxuriant ground.

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Pluck if you dare the noxious weed,  
 But don't uproot the precious seed.  
 Yes, Byron stands the proud compeer  
 Of Milton, Tasso and Shakespeare. 60  
 The greatest diff'rence is, that these  
 Have enrobed their best ideas  
 In garments long, of seemly cost,  
 In which the shape is nearly lost ;  
 But Byron's dress is rich and light,  
 Made nor too loose nor yet too tight ;  
 'Tis made to fit so trim and well,  
 The figure 's seen and has the spell.  
 " He filch'd at times," they say, " a thought  
 " Original the bard was not." 70  
 True, he put a splendid vesture on,  
 The offiliated skeleton ;  
 While beneath his paternal care,  
 The bastard thing grew plump and fair.  
 Poetic thoughts sublimely pure,  
 And original, I am sure  
 May be thirty, since Virgil's days,  
 And ten of these claim Byron's lays.  
 It has been said by Solomon,  
 " There's nothing new beneath the sun." 80  
 A new idea I'll attempt,  
 By him the critics were exempt :  
 Such growling and erratic men,  
 Had never come beneath his ken.  
 Had Solomon lived in these days,  
 The moderns would his wonder raise.  
 Perhaps they do to see him crave,  
 Come Fancy, raise him from the grave.

There, on the deck, I see him stand ;  
 The steamer swiftly makes the land. 90  
 For Liverpool the king is bound ;  
 And would be again under ground  
 Had he is wish---he is so tost,  
 He kingly swears he will be lost.  
 The belching, fiery creature too,  
 Makes him cry out, " The Monster's new."  
 Now landed from the roaring main,  
 He's seated in a railway train.  
 As bird-like swift the monarch flew,  
 Aloud he cried, " This thing is new." 100  
 In London now---but I don't mean,  
 To present a Jew to the Queen.  
 His beard is shaggy, long and white,  
 No lady fair could stand the sight.  
 Questions abstruse he might propound,  
 To which no answer might be found ;  
 Perhaps she'd have for him in store  
 A puzzler hard to try his lore.  
 All women, rich, poor, well or ill,  
 Have got some puzzlers when they will. 110  
 A mesmeriser now we seek ;  
 Stout he stands o'er his patient meek.  
 She like a victim palpitates :  
 By turns she loves, by turn she hates ;  
 She laughs, she frowns, she sings, she cries,  
 Nor from the potent spell can rise.  
 The mesmeriser, now elate,  
 Proudly points at the kingly pate.  
 With ghostly frown the king withdrew  
 And exclaim'd, " The damn'd thing is new."

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90 The king now Fancy quickly led,  
 Where lie the honourable dead,  
 In venerable Westminster Hall :  
 Then Death arose and drew the pall.  
 The life of the dead of each one,  
 Devotion read to Solomon,  
 Standing at Sir Isaac's monument ;  
 When suddenly all the tombs were rent,  
 And gave up unto life their trust ;  
 Bones, blood and flesh assum'd the dust. 130  
 He sternly viewed the trembling crowd :  
 100 Kings, Queens, Statesmen, poor Poets bowed,  
 As thus, he with an indignant look,  
 The foundations of Westminster shook.  
 " Honoured of the earth ! disentombed,  
 You that in rankest sin had bloomed :  
 You rioted in wealth and pride,  
 Whilst few, alas, in virtue died.  
 With iron rule, and high and strong,  
 On man you have inflicted wrong. 140  
 Darkest crimes, in my day unknown,  
 Have been committed on your throne.  
 Infidels and deists too, you were,  
 Nor did God nor man in anger spare.  
 Winebibbers and perjurers too,  
 Public robbers, were not a few.  
 Is this the temple of your fame ?  
 To the land that has raised it, shame.  
 Those tyrants foul I see afar,  
 A cloud on her religion are. 150  
 Their names to preserve, if she deign,  
 They should be in a pagan fane,

Where worship enters not, divine,  
 To the fierce Dagon Philistine.  
 For those who by dear Wisdom's flame,  
 Threw a halo on England's name,  
 With those who by good deeds and brave,  
 Gave to her life when near the grave :  
 Let England rear their place to fame,  
 Imperishable as her name. 160  
 The godly few and lone I see,  
 Oh sacred be their dust to thee !  
 Let, in your holy places rest,  
 The friends of mankind and the best."  
 Thus the King. These to him drew nigh ;  
 Then he raised his right arm on high,  
 With solemn voice and stern he said,  
 " Here should lie but the righteous dead."  
 To other worlds he then withdrew,  
 Utt'ring grave " All things here are new." 170  
 Death laid his subjects in the tomb,  
 And sadness spread her pall of gloom.  
 Fancy now once more in the chain,  
 To Dublin, jaded, comes again :  
 Whilst Mem'ry is again at work,  
 Not on the sublime, like a Burk.  
 Hogarth-like let her caricature,  
 Tho' her paintings may not long endure.  
 The first one that she gives to me,  
 Is personified misery, 180  
 In a woman, at a gin shop,  
 And who calls for a whisky drop,  
 That has been classically styled,  
 A cropper, billy, or the child,

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Little Johnny, or half a go,  
 Most beggar-women it do know :  
 It is so diminutive in size,  
 That it, a single penny buys.  
 Half a wine glass it contains,  
 Which the beggar here smart obtains, 190  
 For the sole penny that she took  
 Or got, all the morn by good luck.  
 From her black neck a child is hung,  
 That to her back some way has clung ;  
 Upon her breast another squeels,  
 And two others trail at her heels.  
 All battle to possess the glass,  
 Whose taste they like too well alas.  
 The mother cannot get a taste,  
 They spill it, eager in their haste. 200  
 She curses them, takes to her legs,  
 And for chance charity she begs.  
 But begs not one I introduce,  
 A man fond of the barley juice ;  
 A clergyman I vow, " A what ?"  
 A Clergyman fast here I've got.  
 How sadly chang'd has been that man,  
 Since our acquaintance first began !  
 A scholarship he had obtained :  
 And had in the college gained 210  
 A good reputation, earned sore,  
 By nightly toil at classic lore.  
 His acquirements were all destroyed,  
 Or perverted and misemployed,  
 From the day he commenced a sot,  
 And the infection strong had caught

160

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"170

180

Of whisky, which to death impelled ;  
 Never by shame to be withheld.  
 He tarnished all his former fame,  
 And a Tackem at last became. 220  
 I see him now most vilely drunk,  
 And view, of the tree, but the trunk.  
 The lovely bird of song has fled,  
 From her green tree now blasted, dead,  
 Struck down by lightning in its prime,  
 And shattered all before its time,  
 And which can't long the shock survive,  
 Nor more will leaf nor more revive.  
 The golden bowl held out by hope  
 At the fount, Disappointment broke. 230  
 The water is dried up or sunk,  
 Ey him never more to be drunk.  
 How great, Alcohol, is thy power  
 O'er man in each unguarded hour !  
 How great the evils thou hast done,  
 Thou subtile and destroying one !  
 No bland enticing demon sent,  
 By Satan, to ruin and torment,  
 The everlasting soul of man  
 With more success, has triumphed, than 240  
 Thou hast, alluring spirit fell,  
 Thou fiend temulent, of hell.  
 Murder, rape, and adultery,  
 Hatred, falsehood, and robbery,  
 With sense assassinated, these,  
 Thou dost produce, thy lord to please.  
 Thy deadly fruits, are or have been,  
 In all the earth where thou art seen

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Or wert ; they grow in ev'ry rank  
That has deep of thy waters drank. 250

220

The specks that Dublin has displayed,  
Like sun-freckles on a fair maid,  
Are in the blaze of beauties great,  
Of enchantments she can create.

The strong endearments she has yet,  
Almost make me the spots forget.

In vain I would enumerate

Her charities and virtues great.

The attachment that for her I feel,

I am unable to reveal. 260

The flutter'd eye and pallid cheek,

May love more eloquently speak

Than the sweet tongue of woman can,

In honnied words declare to man.

What I wrote down, it was with fear :

While I found fault I did revere ;

Her imperfections that I saw,

With love I did and sorrow draw.

The trembling hand and prostrate knee,

Emblems base, tho' of fear they be--- 270

Oft are the effects, I know well,

Of worship that no tongue can tell

Before the idol woman, when

She's faulted and adored by men.

Now fare thee well ! and from my soul,

The heart I gave, thou hast it whole,

And wilt have it until the day,

Death over it asserts his sway :

For it was out from thee alone,

Pleasure unto that heart had flow n. 280

240

Oh how fleet and short the bright hours,  
Compared to all the stormy showers  
That terrify, away wing joy,  
And darken pleasure or destroy !  
And do thou sweep on to the sea,  
Brawling or mute as pleaseth thee,  
Oh Liffy ! thou didst communicate  
Delights, which, whatever be my fate,  
I can't forget, but can deplore,  
As thousands do and did before. 290

And as each tributary rill,  
That sparkling, glides thy breast to fill ;  
All which thou dost give to the main,  
Never to get from it again.--  
The thoughts of thee to me arrive,  
And help to keep my heart alive,  
Which did in full affection's swell  
Take of thee its long farewell--  
And takes of thee and Dublin now ;  
Dublin ! perpetua be thou ! 300

290

300





